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A series intended to create and foster a taste for good reading

CHOICE LITERATURE

BOOK ONE

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

SHERMAN WILLIAMS

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, GLENS FALLS, N.Y.

BUTLER, SHELDON & COMPANY

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO BOSTON

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PREFACE

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER once said, "To teach a child to read, and not teach it what to read, is to put a dangerous weapon into its hands."

There can be no doubt as to the truth of this statement. High schools now very generally have courses in reading and literature; but the great majority of pupils never reach the high school, and those who do have formed a taste for reading before that period, very often a taste for reading that is decidedly bad, and only occasionally for that which is really excellent, so that in this particular the work of the high school becomes largely that of reformation, instead of formation, a very difficult work that need not have been necessary.

This procedure utterly ignores the needs, so far as the study of literature is concerned, of ninety per cent of the pupils, and begins the work too late with the others. To some extent desultory work is being done in many primary and grammar schools, through the use of supplementary readers; but this cannot be very effective in forming a taste for good reading, because the expense necessary to provide a sufficient amount and variety of books will be so great that few schools can meet it, and still fewer will. Too often the supplementary readers used are intended merely to furnish information. As

the result of this condition of affairs, with the exception of here and there a school, no effective effort is being made to create and foster a taste for good literature in grades below the high school. Much supplementary reading is being done, but there seems to be no clearly defined plan, no definite end aimed at.

This is probably due to the fact that there is no series of readers well adapted to the carrying on of this work. The compiler of this series has attempted to meet this want. The selections are carefully made and graded, and are believed to be those suited to the age and maturity of the pupils for whom they are intended. They are all good of their kind, and it is believed that the selection of trashy matter on the one hand, or matter beyond the comprehension of the pupils on the other, has been avoided.

Each volume of the series has been made with a definite purpose in view, and in each will appear a brief statement in regard to the selections made and the end aimed at. There will be such notes and explanations as seem to be necessary. This series can be used to excellent advantage in teaching children how to read, but it should be borne in mind that the primary purpose of the series is to teach what to read, to create and foster a taste for good literature; therefore many selections for which room cannot be found, will be suggested, to aid in directing the out of school reading of the pupils. It is hoped that teachers will encourage pupils to form little libraries of their own. Many suggestions will be made that will aid in such work.

TO THE READER

THIS book is made in the belief that many of the old rhymes and tales, such as are herein contained, "Children's Classics," if I may so term them, are, or should be, the birthright of every child. They are all very old; many of them so old that their origin is wholly lost. This is notably true of "Cinderella." Miss Marion Cox, in a volume of more than five hundred pages, to which Andrew Lang has contributed an admirable introduction, gives three hundred and forty-five variations of the story, and traces it to the literature of nearly every country.

The selections from "Mother Goose" include those most commonly met with, which the writer has found to appeal most strongly to children. A collection of rhymes which has endured nearly two hundred years (they were first published in Boston in 1719) without having lost its popularity, has certainly demonstrated its right to be read to and by the children.

"Little Red Riding Hood" is old — no one knows how old. With slight variations, the story is common to Sweden, Germany, and France.

No doubt many of these old stories were originally nature myths. This is quite likely true of "Jack and the Beanstalk." It has been suggested that it is an

old Teutonic allegory, the red hen being the sun, the money bags the rain, and the harp the winds.

"Bluebeard" is from the tales of Perrault, which were published about 1697. Dr. C. Taylor thinks Bluebeard a type of the Castle Lords of the days of Knight Errantry. Some think Bluebeard was intended to represent Henry the Eighth. Another solution is that Bluebeard was Count Conomar, and the young wife, Tryphyna, daughter of Count Guerech. Count Conomar was a lieutenant of Brittany in the reign of Childebert. The incident of the keys and the doors is similar to that mentioned by "The Third Calendar" in the "Arabian Nights."

The story of "Whittington and His Cat" is found in substance in an old Persian story. Several solutions of the story have been given. One suggests that a "cat" is a brig built on the Norwegian model. Another that the word "achat" means *barter*.

"Beauty and the Beast," perhaps the most beautiful of all the nursery tales, is from the French of Villeneuve (1740).

Some writer has said, "The most instructive reading for a person of any age, old or young, is that in which the author's tone of thought is above the average tone of the reader's thought, and yet not beyond his grasp." Perhaps this thought may apply to the selections from Æsop.

A short list of popular sayings is given. These may be of interest in themselves, and it may be both profitable and interesting to add to the list those common in your locality.

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"I PITY the boy or the girl who must grow up without having made intimate acquaintance with 'Mother Goose' and the wonderful stories of 'Jack the Giant Killer,' and 'Bluebeard,' and 'Cinderella,' and those other strange tales as old as the race itself, and yet new to every succeeding generation. They are all a part of the inheritance of the English-speaking people, and belong, as a kind of birthright, to every intelligent child." — *Robert Collyer.*

CHOICE LITERATURE

Book I

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B;
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

This little pig went to market;
This little pig staid at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee,"
All the way home.

One, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?

Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.

Hark! Hark!
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags,
Some in jags,
And some in velvet gowns.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then,
Poor thing!

He'll sit in the barn
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

Three little children a-sliding went
Upon a summer's day;
The ice proved thin, they all fell in;
The rest they ran away.

Solomon Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday;
This is the end of
Solomon Grundy.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

A dillar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skillful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

Multiplication is vexation,
  Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
  And Practice drives me mad.

If "Ifs" and "Ands"
Were pots and pans,
  There would be no need for tinkers.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap year; that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none;
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

He that would thrive
Must rise at five;
He that has thriven
May lie till seven.

He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Johnny wants to play.

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
  Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
  But when she was bad she was horrid.

Ding, dong, bell; Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in? Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out? Big John Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the rats in his father's barn!

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey:
  There came a black spider,
  And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffet away.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

"Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man;"
"So I will, master, as fast as I can."
"Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T;
Put in the oven for Tommy and me."

Intery, mintery, cutery, corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn,
Wire, brier, limber, lock,
Three geese in a flock;
One flew east, one flew west,
One flew over the cuckoo's nest.

One-ery, two-ery, hickory, hum,
Fillison, follison, Nicholson, John.

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Johnny shall have a new master;
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.

If all the world were apple pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

How many stars are in the sky?
More than you can count or I.
How many drops are in the seas?
How many leaves are on the trees?
How many grains of sand on the shore?
Count all you can, and there are more.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
And down he run,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Be you to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!
There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four and twenty sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four and twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.
The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And, when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

There was an old woman tossed in a blanket
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.
"Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I,
"Whither, ah whither, ah whither, so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I'll be with you by and by."

Little Boy Blue, come, blow your horn;
The sheep are in the meadow, the cows are in the corn;
What! is this the way you mind your sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep?

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them, indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing; —
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his countinghouse,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in her parlor,
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
There came a little blackbird
And snapped off her nose.

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Pray let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny;"
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed, I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

As I walked by myself,
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto me:
Look to thyself;
Take care of thyself;—
For nobody cares for thee.

I answered myself,
And said to myself,
In the self-same repartee:
Look to thyself,
Or look not to thyself,
The selfsame thing it will be.

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out;
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said: "I'm not afraid;
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry;
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl, the prettiest ever seen. Her mother was very fond of her, and so was her grandmother. Her mother made her a little red hood which was so pretty that every one called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother, who had just made some cakes, said to her, "My dear, I have heard that your grandmother is not well. Would you not like to go and see how she is, and take her some cakes and a little pot of butter?"

Little Red Riding Hood started at once. Her grandmother's cottage was in another village, and she had to pass through a wood to reach it. When going through the wood she met a Wolf, who would have liked to eat her, but did not dare because there were some wood choppers near by. So he asked her where she was going.

"I am going to see my grandma," said the child. "She is not very well, so I am taking her a little butter and some cheese cakes."

"Does she live a great way off?" inquired the Wolf.

"Not very far," answered Little Red Riding Hood; "she lives in a pretty cottage in the wood, just before you get to the next village."

"Well, I will not keep you any longer," said the Wolf, in a careless sort of a way, "so good-by."

"Good-by," said the little girl; and the Wolf left her. Then she began to gather flowers, thinking they would please her grandmother. Now and then she would run after a butterfly, or go a little out of her way to gather nuts. The naughty Wolf ran as fast as he could to the old woman's cottage. He soon reached it, and knocked gently at the door. "Who's there?" asked a feeble voice. "It is I, Red Riding Hood," replied the Wolf; "I have brought you some cakes, and a little pot of butter from mamma." Her grandmother, who was sick in bed, called out, "Pull the string, my dear, and the latch will go up." Now this was just what the Wolf wanted to know. He had known about the house for a long time, but he did not know how to get into it. He pulled the string and opened the door. He ate the old woman up at once, for his long run had made him very hungry. After finishing his dreadful meal, he began to think how he could deceive Red Riding Hood. He shut the door, and put on the grandmother's nightcap and nightgown, and got into bed to wait for Red Riding Hood to come. In a little while there came a rap at the door. "Who's there?" Little Red Riding Hood heard the gruff voice of the Wolf, and was fright-

ened at first; but thinking her grandmother had a cold, said, "It is I, Grandma, Red Riding Hood. Shall I come in?"

The Wolf answered, "Yes, my dear; pull the string, and the latch will go up." So Little Red Riding Hood went in.

Setting down her basket, and putting the flowers on the table, she said, "How are you, Grandma?"

"I have a very bad cold," said the Wolf.

"I am sorry to hear that," said Little Red Riding Hood. "Mamma has sent you a little pot of butter and some cheese cakes."

"It is very kind of her," growled the Wolf, trying to hide himself closely under the bedclothes.

Startled by the voice, Red Riding Hood, in turning her basket, looked toward the bed.

"Oh, Grandma, what large eyes you have!"

"All the better to see you with, my dear," said the Wolf.

"And, Grandma, what a great nose you have!"

"All the better to smell with, my dear," growled the Wolf.

"And then, Grandma, what large ears you have!"

"All the better to hear with, my dear," said the Wolf.

"And oh, Grandma! what great teeth you have!" cried the child, starting back.

"The better to eat you with," growled the Wolf, and he sprang out of bed to eat her up.

At that moment, the door of the room was burst open, and three foresters rushed in. They had seen the Wolf go into the cottage, and being afraid something might happen, had come to see if everything was all right. Turning from Red Riding Hood, the Wolf flew at the foresters. But he was no match for three strong men. He fought savagely; but was soon killed by a blow from an ax.

Little Red Riding Hood was saved; but she never forgot her adventure with the Wolf, and she learned to be very careful in danger.

CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

A LONG time ago there lived a man who married a second wife. She was a very proud woman, and had two daughters who were like her. Her husband had a daughter who had a good temper and a very sweet disposition. No sooner was the wedding over than the stepmother began to show her dislike for her stepdaughter. She hated her the more because her gentle ways made those of her own daughters appear still more unpleasant by contrast. She made her do the meanest work of the hous-

wash the dishes, rub the tables and chairs, and take care of the chambers of herself and daughters. She was made to sleep in a garret on a bed of straw, while her sisters had beautiful rooms and fine furniture.

The poor girl bore all patiently, as she did not dare complain to her father. When she had finished her work she used to sit down in the chimney corner among the cinders, and so got the name of Cinderella. Ragged as she was, she looked much handsomer than her sisters with all their finery, which made them jealous and still more hateful.

In the course of time it happened that the king's son gave a ball, to which many people for miles around were invited. Her sisters were among this number, and were greatly excited. They spent much time in selecting fine dresses. Cinderella was made their servant, and as she had fine taste, her advice was asked as to what they should wear. She helped them in every way, dressed their hair, plaited their ruffles, and ironed their linen.

While she was busy at this work her sisters mocked her, and asked her if she would not like to go to the ball.

When they went, Cinderella watched them till they were out of sight, and then sat down and began to cry.

Her godmother came in, and seeing her in tears, asked what ailed her. "I want — oh, I want —" sobbed poor Cinderella, without being able to say another word.

Her godmother, who was a fairy, said to her, "You want to go to the ball; isn't it so?" "Oh, yes!" said Cinderella, sighing. "Well, then," said her godmother, "be a good girl, and I will contrive that you shall go."

Then, taking her kindly by the hand, she said, "Run into the garden and bring me a pumpkin." Cinderella went quickly and brought the finest one she could find. Her godmother scooped out the inside; this done, she struck it with her wand, and the pumpkin was changed into a fine coach, all gilded over with gold. She then went to the mouse trap, where she found six mice, all alive. She told Cinderella to open the door of the trap, and as each mouse came out she tapped it with her wand, and it was changed into a beautiful horse; so that Cinderella had a coach and six fine dappled horses. Her godmother said, "Here, my child, are your coach and horses, but what shall we do for a coachman? Run and see if there be not a rat in the trap." Cinderella brought the trap, and there were three large rats in it. The fairy touched one of them, and he was changed into a coachman.

She then said to Cinderella, "Go again into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering pot. Bring them to me." Cinderella did this, and the fairy turned them into footmen. "There," said her godmother, "is something to take you to the ball; are you pleased with it?" "Oh, yes," she cried, "but must I go in these dirty clothes?" Her godmother touched her with her wand, and her clothes were turned into cloth of silver and gold trimmed with jewels. When she had done this, she gave her a pair of glass slippers, the very prettiest in the world.

She was now ready for the party and got into her coach. Her godmother told her that she must not, on any account, stay a minute past midnight, and that, if she did, all her fine things would be changed back as they were before. She promised her godmother that she would be sure to leave before midnight, and drove away.

The king's son being told that a great princess had come, ran out to meet her. He gave her his hand as she stepped out of the coach and led her into the palace. Cinderella no sooner appeared than every one was silent. Both the dancing and the music stopped. The guests whispered among themselves, "How beautiful she is!"

The ladies were all looking at her clothes, so that

they might remember to have some made like them. The king's son danced with her, and she danced so gracefully that she was admired more than ever.

A fine supper was served, but the prince so admired Cinderella that he did not eat a mouthful. She sat down by her sisters, who, of course, did not know her, and gave them a part of the fruit which the prince had given her. While she was talking with her sisters, the clock struck the quarter before twelve, and she, remembering what her godmother had said, rose, made a courtesy to the company, and went home. She thanked her godmother for the fine time she had, and said that she wished she might go the next day to the ball to which the prince had invited her.

While she was talking to her godmother, her two sisters returned and knocked at the door. Cinderella opened it, and exclaimed, "How long you have stayed!" pretending to yawn. "You would not be sleepy if you had been at the ball," said one of her sisters. "There was the handsomest princess there that was ever seen, and she showed us great kindness, and gave us oranges and citrons."

Cinderella asked them what the name of the princess was, but they could not tell. At this, Cinderella smiled, and said: "She must be very beautiful. I would like to see her. Will you not lend me your yellow suit of clothes that you wear every day?"

"Oh, indeed!" replied her sister; "lend my clothes to such a dirty cinder girl as you are!"

The next day the two sisters went to the ball as before, and so did Cinderella, dressed even more beautifully than before. The king's son was always by her, and she was so interested that she forgot her godmother's charge, and when the clock was striking twelve she thought it only eleven. When she learned the hour, she ran swiftly from the palace, and the prince after her. He could not overtake her, but she lost one of her glass slippers, which he carefully kept.

She reached home all out of breath, without coach or footmen, and in her old clothes, having nothing of her finery but one glass slipper.

When her sisters returned, Cinderella asked them if they had been as much pleased as the night before, and if the beautiful princess was there? They told her, yes, but that she hurried away at twelve o'clock, running so fast that she lost one of her glass slippers, which the king's son had, and that he was surely in love with her.

What they said was true, for the king's son had said that he would marry the one whose foot this slipper would exactly fit. So they began to try it on, first on the princesses, then the duchesses, then all the court, but in vain. Then they brought it to the two sisters, who tried hard to get it on, but could not.

Cinderella, who was looking at them all the while, could not help smiling, and said: "Let me see what I can do with the slipper," at which her sisters laughed heartily. "Very likely it will fit your clumsy foot," said they. The gentleman who was sent to try the slipper saw that she was very handsome, and said that he had been ordered to try it on every one who wished. Then, putting the slipper to her foot, he found that it went on very easily, and fitted her as though it had been made of wax.

The two sisters were greatly astonished, and still more so when Cinderella drew out of her pocket the other slipper and put it on. At that very moment, in came her godmother, who, with one touch of her wand, made Cinderella appear more beautiful than ever before.

Her sisters then knew her at once, and kneeling at her feet, begged her pardon for all their ill treatment. Cinderella forgave them with all her heart, and asked that they would always love her.

She was then taken to the palace, where the young prince received her with great joy. They were soon married, and Cinderella, who was as good as she was beautiful, took her sisters to live in the palace. They afterwards married two great lords of the court, and all lived very happily.

THE FAIRY GIFTS

ONCE upon a time there was a widow who had two daughters. The older was so like her mother, both in looks and in temper, that those who had seen one had as good as seen both. They were so proud and disagreeable that no one could live with them. The younger was the very pattern of her father in goodness and pleasant ways, and was, beside, one of the prettiest girls ever seen.

The mother, as one might suppose, thought a great deal of her older daughter, and had a hearty dislike for the younger. She, poor child, had to work hard all day, and every day, and take her meals in the kitchen.

Twice every day she had to go to a well half a mile away and bring home a great pitcher full of water.

One day, while she was at the spring, a poor woman came and asked if she might have a drink of water. "Why yes, good mother," said she. She took her pitcher and rinsed it and drew some clear, cool water from the well, and held it for the old woman, that she might drink the more easily.

When she had finished drinking, the woman said, "You are such a kind, good girl, and your face pleases me so well, that I must find a gift for you"

(for she was a fairy, who had taken the form of a poor woman, so that she might find out whether or not she was a good and kind girl), "and this shall be my gift: for every word you speak, a flower or a jewel shall fall from your lips."

When she reached home again, her mother scolded her for being gone so long. "I am very sorry," she said, "for being so late." As she spoke, there fell from her lips two roses, two pearls, and two big diamonds.

"Why, what is this?" said her mother. "What are all these pearls and diamonds, and how did they come here?" This was the first time her mother had ever spoken so kindly to her.

The poor girl then told her mother just what had happened, and as she was telling her, a shower of sparkling stones fell from her lips.

"Your sister shall certainly go there also," said her mother. "See, Fanny, what falls from that child's mouth! The same gift would be fine for you. You have only to go to the spring for some water, and, if a poor woman asks for some, to give it to her very politely."

"A fine sight that would be," answered she, rudely. "Indeed, I'll carry no water."

"But you shall go," answered her mother, "and that at once."

So Fanny went, scolding all the way. She took with her the prettiest silver jug to be found in the house. No sooner had she reached the spring than she saw, coming from the wood, a lady splendidly dressed, who asked her for a drink. It was the same fairy who had spoken to her sister, but she now came dressed as a princess, so as to prove how ill-natured the older sister was.

"Perhaps you think I have come here only to bring water for you," she said impudently. "To be sure I have brought this silver jug on purpose for you to drink from! Very likely, isn't it? Get your own water if you want any!"

"You are not very polite," said the fairy, coolly. "Since these are your ways, my gift to you shall be that for every word you speak, a snake or a toad shall fall from your lips."

When her mother saw her coming back, she called to her, "How now, daughter?"

"How now, mother!" said she, rudely, and lo! there fell from her lips two vipers and a toad.

"Oh, what is this I see?" cried her mother. "This is some naughty trick of your sister's; she shall pay for it!" And she ran to bring a stick to beat her.

The poor child was frightened, and ran and hid herself in the forest near by. The king's son, who

was out hunting, happened to meet her, and seeing her sweet face, asked what she was doing there all alone, and why she was crying.

"Alas! sir," she said, "my mother has driven me from home!"

The king's son, when he saw five or six pearls and as many diamonds fall from her lips, was astonished, and begged her to tell him how such a thing could be. So she told him all that had happened, and he fell in love with her at once, and thought his father must be pleased with a daughter who had such a fairy gift. He took her home to his palace and married her.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

ONCE there was a poor widow who lived in a cottage in a country village far from London. She had an only child named Jack, whom she allowed to do just as he wished. The result of her foolish kindness was that Jack became heedless and naughty, not because he had a bad nature, but only because he had never been trained to think of any one but himself. Jack would not work, and his mother was not rich, and to support the two she had to sell the things that she could spare. In time she had nothing left to be sold but a cow.

With tears in her eyes she could not help scolding Jack. "You wicked boy," said she, "your folly and idleness have brought us to want. I have not money enough to keep us another day. We have nothing left but our cow, which we must sell, or starve."

Jack felt very bad for a little while, but it was soon over, and as he grew hungry he begged his mother to let him sell the cow. After much teasing on Jack's part, she consented.

As he was driving the cow along he met a butcher, who asked why he was driving the cow from home. Jack said he was going to sell it. The butcher had with him a bag of beans of many colors. Jack fancied them greatly, and the butcher, seeing this, thought it a good opportunity for him to make a good bargain. He knew Jack's easy nature, selfishness, and folly, and offered the bag of beans for the cow. The foolish boy thought it a great offer and made the exchange at once. He hastened home and told his mother what he had done. She was very angry and threw the beans away, some of them flying out into the garden. Jack was sent to bed hungry.

When he woke up early in the morning he saw something strange from his window, and hurried down stairs. Going into the garden, he found that

some of the beans had taken root and grown wonderfully. There were many great stalks, that were so grown together that the vines looked like a large, high ladder. He looked up and could not see the top. It seemed to reach the sky. He tried to shake it, but it was firm. He made up his mind that he would climb it. He was so excited that he even forgot his hunger, and ran to tell his mother what he was going to do. She was not willing, but Jack had long been accustomed to have his own way, and he did so now.

He started at once and climbed for hours before he reached the top. At the end of his long climb he was tired and very hungry. He looked about him and found that he was in a desert country where there was not a tree, shrub, house, or a living creature to be seen.

Jack felt very sad and was greatly alarmed. He thought he must starve. He thought of his mother, and was sorry that he had not obeyed her. After a while he thought he would walk on, in hopes that he might find some one of whom he could beg something to eat.

Soon he saw a beautiful young woman at a distance. She was beautifully dressed and had a small white wand in her hand, on the top of which was a peacock of pure gold. She came near him

and said: "I will tell you a story that your mother has not dared to tell you. But before I do this you must promise to do just what I tell you. I am a fairy; but unless you do just what I tell you to do, I cannot help you, and you will almost surely be killed." Jack was frightened at this, and promised to do just as he was told.

"Your father was a rich man and very generous. He never refused to help the poor people about him. Not many miles from your father's house lived a huge giant, who, on account of his cruelty and wickedness, was feared by all the people for miles around. This giant was also very envious and hated to hear others well spoken of, and he vowed to injure your father so that he should no longer hear his kindness talked about. Your father was a good man and did not fear the giant, but when your parents were going from home to spend some days with friends, the giant had your father murdered and your mother and yourself seized and carried away. You were then but a few months old. You were carried to a dungeon under the giant's house. Here you were kept for a long time.

"The servants of your parents were greatly alarmed at their absence, and went in search of them, but could learn nothing. The giant had a will made, giving all your father's property to him as your

guardian. This he claimed to have found. He took possession of your property.

"After your mother had been in prison for months, the giant offered to let her go if she would solemnly swear never to tell the story of her wrongs to any one. To make it impossible for her to make trouble, the giant sent her away to a far country, and left her with no money, so that she could not return.

"I was appointed your father's guardian at his birth; but just before your father was killed, I did a wrong, and my power was taken from me for a time, so that it was impossible for me to help him. My power was given back to me the day you met the butcher, and it was I who caused you to wish for the beans. I made the beanstalk grow so as to form a ladder, and made you wish to climb it. The giant lives in this country, and you must punish him for his wickedness. You will meet with danger; but unless you avenge the death of your father, you will not prosper. Take all the giant's goods, all that he has, for they are yours. You must be very careful, for he is such a miser that the loss of his goods will make him furious. You must be cunning, and I will help you.

"Do not let your mother know that you have learned your father's history till I see you again. Go along the direct road, and you will soon see the

house where the giant lives. Remember that I will protect and guard you only so long as you obey my commands."

The fairy disappeared, leaving Jack to go on his journey. He went on till after the sun had set, and then came in sight of a large mansion. The sight of this cheered him, and he walked on. At the door of the mansion he saw a kind-looking woman, and asked her if she would give him some bread and a night's lodging. She was surprised to see him, and said that no one ever came near their house, as it was known that her husband was a cruel and powerful giant, and one that would eat human flesh if he could get it.

This story frightened Jack terribly; but remembering what the fairy had said, he begged the woman to take him in and hide him for one night only. The good woman finally agreed to do it. They entered the house, and passed through an elegant hall, beautifully furnished, and then through many large rooms furnished in the same manner; but all seemed as though no one lived in them. Finally they entered a dark gallery, with just light enough to show that instead of walls there was an iron grating on each side, which opened into dungeons, in which were several groaning victims which the giant had shut up. Passing on, they entered a kitchen,

where the woman gave him plenty to eat and drink. When he had finished the meal, he heard a knocking at the gate, so loud as to cause the house to shake. The woman hid Jack in the oven, and ran to let her husband in.

Jack heard him say to her in a terrible voice, "Wife! wife! I smell fresh meat!"—"Oh, my dear!" replied she, "it is only the people in the dungeon." The giant seemed to believe her, and seated himself by the fireside while his wife prepared the supper.

Jack managed to get a look at the giant through a little opening, and was surprised at the great amount of food he ate. He thought he would never stop eating and drinking. After the supper was over, a curious hen was brought and placed on the table before the giant. Jack was very curious to see what would happen. He saw that the hen was very quiet, and that every time the giant said, "Lay," the hen laid an egg of solid gold. The giant's wife went to bed, but for a long time the giant amused himself with his hen. At last he fell asleep, and his snoring was like the roaring of a cannon. At daybreak the giant was still asleep, and Jack crept softly from his hiding place, and took the hen, and ran away as fast as he could go. He easily found his way to the beanstalk, and came down it as fast as he could.

His mother was overjoyed to see him. "Now, mother," said Jack, "I have brought you home something that will make you rich." The hen laid as many golden eggs as they wished, and they had all the riches they desired.

For a few months Jack and his mother lived very happily, but soon he longed to pay the giant another visit. Early one morning he climbed the beanstalk again, and reached the giant's mansion late in the evening. The woman was at the gate as before, and Jack told her a pitiful tale, and asked for a night's shelter. The woman said that she had taken in a poor hungry boy once before, and that he stole one of the giant's treasures, and she had been cruelly used ever since. Finally, however, she led him to the kitchen, and gave him some supper, and hid him in a lumber closet. Soon after the giant came in and ate his supper, and ordered his wife to bring down his bags of gold and silver. Jack peeped out of his hiding place, and saw the giant counting his treasure, after which he carefully put it in bags, and fell asleep and snored, as before. Jack crept quietly from his hiding place, and went toward the giant, when a little dog under the chair barked loudly. To his surprise, the giant slept on soundly, and the dog stopped barking. Jack seized the bags of money, and left the house, and soon reached the

beanstalk, down which he came, but found his mother's cottage vacant. He ran to the village, and met an old woman who directed him to the house where his mother was. She seemed to be dying, but on being told of her son's safe return, she soon recovered.

Jack's mother saw that something troubled him, and tried to find out about it, but Jack remembered what the fairy had told him, and would tell her nothing. He had a great desire to make one more visit to the giant, which he could not resist; so when the longest day came, Jack arose as soon as it was light, and climbed the beanstalk once more. He found the road the same as before, and again the woman was at the gate. Jack had so disguised himself that she did not know him; still he had great difficulty in persuading her to let him in. After a time she did, and he hid himself in a great boiler.

When the giant returned, he said, "Wife, wife! I smell fresh meat!" This did not trouble Jack, for he had said the same thing the other times, and been easily satisfied. This time, however, he started up, and in spite of all his wife could say, searched all about the room. Jack was nearly dead with fear, and wished himself at home. The giant came to the boiler, but did not take off the cover.

When the giant's supper was over, he commanded his wife to bring his harp. Jack peeped out, and saw the most beautiful harp that could be imagined. The giant put it on the table and said, "Play," and it played of its own accord. The music was very fine, and Jack wished for the harp more than for any of the former treasures that he had taken from the giant.

The music soon put the giant to sleep. Jack climbed out of the boiler and seized the harp, which had been enchanted by a fairy, and called out loudly, "Master, master!" The giant woke up and tried to pursue Jack, but he had drunk so much that he could only stagger after him. Jack ran as fast as he could. The giant in a little while began to recover from his drinking, and by the time Jack had reached the foot of the beanstalk, the giant was at the top ready to come down. Jack took a hatchet and cut the beanstalk at the root, and the giant fell headlong into the garden and was killed.

Jack begged his mother's pardon for all the grief he had caused her, and promised ever after to be kind and obedient. He was as good as his word, and his mother forgot all her sorrows in her happiness.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

IN the reign of the famous King Edward III. lived a little boy called Dick Whittington. His father and mother died when he was so young that he did not remember them at all. He had no home, and was a ragged little fellow, running about the streets of a country village. Not being old enough to work, he was very badly off. He usually got but little for his dinner, and sometimes nothing at all for his breakfast. The people of the village were very poor, and could spare nothing but crusts of bread, the parings of potatoes, and such food, and often there was not enough of even that to satisfy his hunger.

In spite of all this, Dick grew to be a very sharp boy. He was always listening to what was being talked about. On Sundays he was sure to get near the farmers as they sat talking in the churchyard, before the parson came. At times you might see Dick leaning against the sign post of the village alehouse, where people stopped as they came from the market town. When the barber's shop was open, Dick listened to all the news the customers told one another.

In this way Dick heard a great many strange things about the great city called London. At that

time the foolish country people thought that the folks in London were all fine gentlemen and ladies, and that there was singing and music there all the day long, and that the streets were all paved with gold.

One day a large wagon with eight horses, all with bells on their heads, was driven through the village while Dick was standing by the sign post. He thought this wagon must be going to London, so he took courage and asked the driver to let him walk by the side of the wagon. When the man heard that Dick had no father or mother, and saw by his ragged clothes that he could not be worse off than he was, he told him he might go with him if he wished.

No one ever knew how Dick managed to get food on the road, or how he could walk so far, or what he did at night for a place to sleep in, for it was a very long way. Very likely some good-natured people in the towns he passed through, when they saw how ragged and poor he was, gave him something to eat, and it may be that the driver let him sleep in the wagon.

However, Dick reached London safely, and was in a great hurry to see the fine streets all paved with gold, that he had heard of. He ran from one street to another, hoping every moment to come to

those paved with gold. Dick had seen a guinea three times in his own little village, and remembered what a deal of money it brought in change, and thought he had nothing to do but take up some little bits of the pavement, and have all the money he could wish for.

Dick ran till he was tired, and quite forgot his friend the wagoner, but at last it began to grow dark, and everywhere he saw dirty, filthy streets. Nowhere were to be found the gold pavements. He sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep. He was all night in the streets. In the morning he woke up very hungry, and walking on, asked every one he met to give him a half penny to keep him from starving. Nobody stopped to answer him, and only two or three gave him a half penny, and the poor boy grew quite weak and faint for the want of food.

At last a good-natured-looking gentleman, seeing how hungry he looked, said, "Why don't you go to work, my lad?" "I would be glad to do so, but I do not know where to look for any," said Dick.

"If you are willing, come with me," said the gentleman. Dick went with him to a hayfield, where he worked busily, and lived merrily, till the haying was done.

After this, he soon found himself as badly off as

before, and one day laid himself down at the door of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant. He was almost starved; but this did not make the cook, who soon saw him, at all kind to him. She was an ill-tempered woman, and being busy getting dinner ready, called out, "What business have you there, you lazy rogue? There is nothing else but beggars. If you do not take yourself away, you shall have a sousing of dishwater. I have some here, hot enough to make you jump."

Just then, Mr. Fitzwarren came home to dinner; and when he saw a dirty, ragged boy at the door, he said, "Why do you lie there, my boy? You seem to be old enough to work; I am afraid you are inclined to be lazy."

"No, indeed, sir," said Dick to him; "that is not the case. I would be glad to work; but I do not know anybody, and I am sick for want of food."

"Poor fellow! Get up, and let me see what ails you," said the merchant.

Dick tried to rise, but he had to lie down again, as he was too weak to stand. He had eaten no food for three days, and was no longer able even to walk. The kind merchant ordered him to be taken into the house. He was given a good dinner, and kept to help the cook by doing dirty work.

Dick would have lived very happily in this family,

had it not been for the ill-natured cook, who found fault with him and scolded him from morning till night. She would strike him with her broom, and ill use him in many ways. Some one told Alice, the daughter of Mr. Fitzwarren, of her conduct, and she told the cook that she would be dismissed if she did not treat Dick better.

From this time he was treated better; but he had another trouble. His bed was in the garret, and the floor was full of holes, and he was tormented every night with rats and mice. A gentleman having given Dick a penny for cleaning his shoes, he thought he would buy a cat with it. The next day he saw a girl with a cat, and he offered her the penny for it. She let him have it, and told him it was an excellent mouser. Dick kept the cat in his garret, and took her a part of his dinner each day. In a short time there were no rats or mice left to trouble him.

Soon after this, his master had a ship ready to sail on a trading voyage. He let all his servants who wished to do so take some part in the venture. He called them all together, and asked each one what he would send out. All had something to venture but Dick, who had neither money nor goods. He did not meet with the others.

Miss Alice, the merchant's daughter, suspected t[1]

reason, and had him sent for. She then said that she would put in some money for Dick, but the merchant would not allow this; he said that each one must venture his own. Dick said that he had nothing but a cat.

"Bring your cat, then, my good boy," said the merchant, "and let her go."

Dick went up stairs, and brought down poor puss, and, with tears in his eyes, gave her to the captain.

All the company laughed at Dick's odd venture. Miss Alice, who felt sorry for the boy, gave him money to buy another cat.

This and many other acts of kindness shown him by Miss Alice made the ill-tempered cook jealous of poor Dick; and she began to use him more cruelly than ever, and always made fun of him for sending his cat to sea. She asked if he thought the cat would sell for enough to buy a stick to beat him with.

At last poor Dick could not bear such usage any longer, and he thought he would run away from his place; so he packed up his few things, and started very early in the morning, on All-hallows Day, which is the first of November. He walked as far as Holloway, and there sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's stone, and began to think which road he would take when he went on.

While he was thinking what it was best to do, the bells of Bow Church, which at that time had only six, began to ring, and he fancied their sound seemed to say to him, —

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London," said he to himself. "Why, to be sure; I would put up with almost anything, now, to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach, when I grow to be a man! Well, I will go back, and think nothing of the cuffing and scolding of the old cook, if I am to be Lord Mayor of London at last."

Dick went back, and was lucky enough to get into the house, and set about his work, before the old cook came down stairs.

The ship, with the cat on board, was a long time at sea, and was at last driven by heavy winds to the coast of Barbary, where lived the Moors, a people that the English had never known before.

The people came in great numbers to visit the ship and see those who were of a different color from themselves. As they became acquainted, they were eager to buy the fine things with which the ship was loaded. When the captain saw this, he sent patterns of the best things he had to the

king of the country, who was so much pleased with them, that he sent for the captain to come to his palace. Here they were placed, as is the custom of the country, on rich carpets marked with gold and silver flowers. The king and queen were seated at the upper end of the room, and a number of dishes were brought in for dinner. They had not sat long, when a vast number of rats and mice rushed in, helping themselves from almost every dish. The captain wondered at this, and asked if these vermin were not unpleasant.

"Oh, yes," said they, "and very destructive. The king would give half his treasure to be freed from them; for they not only destroy his dinner, as you see, but they attack him in his chamber, and even in bed, so that he must be watched while he is sleeping, on account of the rats and mice."

The captain jumped for joy, for he remembered poor Whittington and his cat; and he told the king that he had a creature on board the ship that would kill all these rats and mice. The king heaved such a sigh of joy at this, that the turban dropped off his head. "Bring this creature to me," said he; "vermin are dreadful in a court, and if this creature will do what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels in exchange for her."

The captain, who knew his business, took this

chance to speak of the great merits of the cat. He told his majesty that it would be inconvenient to part with her, as when she was gone, the rats and mice might destroy the goods in the ship, but to oblige his majesty he would bring her. "Run, run!" said the queen; "I am in a hurry to see the dear creature."

Away went the captain to the ship; and while he was gone another dinner was prepared. The captain, with the cat under his arm, soon returned to the palace. As he entered, the table was full of rats, and as soon as the cat saw them, she jumped from the captain's arms and in a few minutes killed many of the rats and mice, and the rest fled to their holes in fright. The king and queen were charmed to get rid of such a plague so easily, and desired to see the creature that had done them so great a service. The captain called out, "Pussy, pussy, pussy," and she came running to him. He handed her to the queen, who started back with fright, being afraid to touch a creature that had made such havoc with the rats and mice; however, when the captain stroked the cat and called, "Pussy, pussy," the queen also touched her and said, "Putty, putty," for she could not speak English. The captain then put her on the queen's lap, where she purred, played with her majesty's hand, and sung herself to sleep.

The king, having seen what the cat could do and being told that her kittens would, in time, drive all the rats and mice out of the country, bargained with the captain for the whole ship's cargo, and then gave him ten times as much more for the cat.

The captain then took leave of the king and set sail for England. Having fair winds, they soon reached London.

One morning Mr. Fitzwarren had just come to his counting house and seated himself at his desk, when somebody came, tap, tap, at the door. "Who's there?" said Mr. Fitzwarren. "A friend," answered the other; "I come to bring you good news of your ship *Unicorn*." The merchant opened the door, and there stood the captain and the factor with a cabinet of jewels and a bill of lading. The merchant thanked Heaven for such a prosperous voyage.

They then told him the story of the cat, and showed a rich present which the queen had sent Dick.. As soon as the merchant heard of this, he called to his servants: —

> "Go bring him — we will tell him of the same;
> Pray call him Mr. Whittington by name."

Mr. Fitzwarren now showed himself to be a good man; for when some of his servants said so great a treasure was too much for Dick, he answered, "God

forbid I should deprive him of the value of a single penny."

He then sent for Dick, who was just then scouring pots for the cook and was very dirty.

The merchant ordered a chair set for him; and Dick began to think they were making game of him, and begged them not to play tricks with a poor simple boy, but let him go again to his work.

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant, "we are all quite in earnest, and I most heartily rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you. The captain has sold your cat to the king of Barbary, and brought you in return more riches than all I possess in the world. I wish you may long enjoy them."

Mr. Fitzwarren then told the men to open the treasure that they had brought. He then said, "Mr. Whittington has nothing to do but put it in some place of safety."

Poor Dick was so happy that he hardly knew how to behave himself. He begged his master to take what part of it he would, since he owed it all to his kindness.

"No, no," said the merchant; "this is all your own, and I have no doubt but that you will use it well."

Dick next asked his mistress, and then Miss Alice, to accept a part of his treasure, but they would not, and at the same time told him how happy they

were because of his good fortune. But the poor fellow was too kind-hearted to keep it all to himself, so he made a present to the captain, to the mate, and to each of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants, even the ill-natured cook.

After this, the merchant advised him to send for proper tradesmen to dress him like a gentleman, and told him that he was welcome to come and live in his house till he could provide himself with a better.

When he was washed, had his hair curled and his hat cocked, and was dressed in a nice suit of clothes, he was as handsome and genteel as any young man who visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's; so that Miss Alice, who had once been so kind to him and thought of him with pity, now looked upon him as fit to be her sweetheart; the more so, no doubt, because he was always thinking what he could do to please her, and was constantly making her the prettiest presents.

Mr. Fitzwarren saw their love for each other, which he approved. They were soon married. At the wedding they were attended to church by the Lord Mayor, the court of aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the richest merchants of London, whom they afterwards provided with a very rich feast.

History tells us that Mr. Whittington and his lady

lived in great splendor and were very happy. They had several children. Whittington became sheriff of London, also mayor, and received the honor of knighthood by Henry V.

The figure of Sir Richard Whittington with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was to be seen till the year 1780 over the archway of the old prison of Newgate, that stood across Newgate Street.

BLUEBEARD

ONCE there lived a man who had elegant houses both in town and country. His furniture was very beautiful. His chairs and sofas were covered with flowered satin, his dishes were of silver and gold, and his carriages were covered with gilt.

With all his wealth he was not happy, for he had a blue beard, which made him look so ugly and frightful that every one was afraid of him.

One of his neighbors was a lady who had two handsome daughters. Bluebeard asked her to give him one of them for his wife, leaving her to choose which it should be. Both daughters refused to have him. They not only thought him so very ugly, but he had had several wives, and no one knew what had become of them.

Finally Bluebeard invited both the young ladies, with their mother and some of their young friends, to spend a week at one of his country houses. He made their stay very pleasant. There was feasting and dancing and music; there were parties to go hunting and fishing. Everything was made so pleasant all the time that the youngest daughter began to think her host's beard was not so very blue, after all, and that he was a very pleasant person. And not long after their return to town they were married.

After they had been married a month, Bluebeard said to his wife one morning that he must go upon a journey that would keep him from home at least six weeks, as his business was very important and could not be intrusted to another. He told his wife to try and enjoy herself in his absence. He told her to invite her friends and take them into the country and have a merry time.

"Here," said he, "are the keys of the two great galleries; these are the keys to lock up the gold and silver dishes that we use only on feast days; those open the caskets where my jewels are kept; and here is the master key that opens all the rooms. Look well at this smallest one, for it is the key of the closet at the end of the long gallery down stairs; open everything, go everywhere; but, as for this little

closet, I forbid you to enter it. I forbid you so strictly that if you should chance to open it, there is nothing you might not expect from my anger."

She promised faithfully to obey him. He kissed her and started on his journey. Her neighbors and friends came to visit her, as they wished to see the splendid house with its elegant furniture. They went from room to room, admiring everything that they saw. The tapestries, the sofas, sideboards, tables, the mirrors with their frames of silver and gold, were all much finer than anything they had ever seen They admired everything and greatly envied their friend. She was anxious to visit the secret closet, which she had been forbidden to enter. Her curiosity was so great that she rudely left her guests and ran down a secret staircase. Having found the closet door, she stopped for a moment, thinking what her husband had said to her; but the temptation was too strong for her to resist, and with fear and trembling she opened the door.

At first she could see nothing, because the window shutters were closed. After she became used to the dim light, she saw that the floor was covered with blood stains, in which trailed the feet of many dead ladies, whose bodies were suspended around the walls. These were the wives whom Bluebeard had married and murdered. She was ready to sink with fear, and

the key of the closet, which she had drawn from the lock, fell from her hand.

Coming to herself, she picked up the key, locked the door, and went to her room, filled with terror. She saw that the key was stained with blood and tried to wipe it off, but the stain remained. It was in vain that she scrubbed it with sand and brick dust, the blood still remained and would do so, for it was an enchanted key and could not be made clean; when the stains were washed from one side they would appear on the other.

Bluebeard came back that very evening, saying he had received letters on the road which put an end to his business. His wife was greatly frightened, but tried to make him believe that she was delighted with his return.

The next day he asked for the keys, and she gave them to him with such a trembling hand that he guessed at once what had happened. "Why is the key of the closet not with the rest?" said he. "I must have left it on my table up stairs," she replied. "Be sure that you bring it to me by and by," said Bluebeard.

After many delays the key was brought. Bluebeard having turned it over, said to his wife, "How came this blood upon the key?" "Indeed I do not know," said she, her face white with fear.

"You do not know!" answered Bluebeard; "I do right well. You have been into my closet. Very well, Madam, you shall go in again, and take your place with the ladies you saw there."

She threw herself at her husband's feet, weeping, and begged his pardon for her fault, and showed her sorrow for her action. It seemed as though her appearance would soften a stone, but Bluebeard's heart was harder than that, and he was not moved at all. "You must die, Madam, at once," said he. "If I must die," said she, looking up at him with streaming eyes, "give me a little time to say my prayers." Said Bluebeard, "I will give you ten minutes, and not one moment more."

Bluebeard left the room, and when she found herself alone, she called to her sister and said, "Sister Anne, go up to the top of the tower, I pray you, and see if my brothers are coming; they promised to come and see me to-day; and if they are in sight, beckon them to come quickly." Her sister went up the tower, and from time to time came the call from below, "Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" Her sister answered, "I see nothing but the green grass and the sunshine."

In the meantime Bluebeard was calling out, "Come down, or I shall go up for you." His wife replied, "Yet one little moment, I pray you!" Then she

called out softly, "Sister Anne, do you see any one coming," and the answer was the same as before.

Bluebeard, holding a great scimiter in his hand, had grown very impatient, and called out, "Come down quickly, or I shall have to bring you!" "I am coming," replied his wife. Then she cried again, "Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" "I see," said Anne, "a great cloud of dust coming this way." "Is it my brothers?" "Alas, no, sister, it is only a flock of sheep." "Come down! come down!" shouted Bluebeard. "Yet one little moment!" answered his wife. And then she called, "Anne, Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" "I see two horsemen riding toward me, but they are still a great way off." "Heaven be praised," cried she a moment after, "they are my brothers, and I am beckoning with might and main for them to hasten."

Bluebeard now began to shout so loud that the house shook. The poor lady went down and fell on her knees before him, her face soiled with tears, and her hair flying loose. Bluebeard roared, "No use, Madam; you shall die." Then taking hold of her hair with one hand, he raised his scimiter to cut off her head. The poor lady turned towards him and looking up with eyes of terror, begged for one moment more to prepare herself. "No, no," said he, "this is your last moment." Then

raising his arm for the stroke, suddenly there was heard such a loud knocking at the gates that Bluebeard stopped. The door opened, and in came two knights, who, sword in hand, rushed toward him. He saw at once that they were his wife's brothers, and turned to flee, but he was soon overtaken and killed. His poor wife was nearly dead, not having strength enough left to rise.

However, she was soon well again, and as Bluebeard had no heirs, she had all his property. She gave part of her wealth to her sister Anne and part to her two brothers. Some time afterward she married a man whose kind treatment made her forget her narrow escape from a horrible death.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

THERE was once a very rich merchant, who had six children, three boys and three girls. He was very kind to them, and did all that he could to train them to be good, and do what was right. His daughters were very pretty, but the youngest was prettiest of all. When she was very little she was called Beauty, and she was still called the same when she grew up. This made her sisters jealous. But Beauty was not only prettier than her sisters, but she was more kind and thoughtful for others.

They were proud of their riches and haughty, and not willing to be with any other than people of better positions than themselves. They went to balls and theaters, and laughed at Beauty, who spent much of her time in study. Every one knew that the sisters were rich, and many merchants wished to marry them, but the two older ones said they would not marry any one but a duke, or at least an earl. Beauty thanked those who wished to marry her, and said that she was too young to leave her father, and that she hoped to be with him for some years longer.

Suddenly the merchant lost his whole fortune. Nothing was left to him but a little house in the country, a long distance from town. He felt very bad, and told his children that they must go there and live, and that they would all have to work for their living. The two oldest daughters said they would not leave town, and that they had lovers who would be glad to marry them, though they had no fortune; but they were mistaken, for their lovers left them as soon as they knew they had no money. They were so proud and haughty, that people did not love them. Every one said, "They do not deserve to be pitied; we are glad to see their pride humbled. But," they added, "we are very sorry for Beauty, for she was such a good girl, she

spoke so softly to the poor, and was gentle and kind." Several gentlemen would have married her, though they knew she had not a penny, but she told them she could not think of leaving her poor father in his trouble.

Poor Beauty was at first sadly grieved at the loss of her fortune. "But," said she to herself, "were I to cry ever so much, it would not make things any better, so I must try and make myself happy without a fortune."

When the family reached their cottage, the merchant and his sons spent their time in tilling the ground. Beauty rose early in the morning, and did all the work, and had their dinner ready for them. At first she found this very hard, for she had not been used to such work, but she grew stronger and healthier than ever. When she had finished her work, she read, played, and sang. At other times she would spin. Her two sisters did not get up till the middle of the forenoon, did no work, and were very unhappy, spending their time in mourning the loss of their fortune.

"Do but see our youngest sister," said one of them to the other. "What a poor, stupid, mean-spirited creature she is, to be contented with such a lot."

The good merchant thought very differently. He knew that Beauty was as much wiser than he

sisters, as she was more beautiful, and that her kindness, patience, and industry were worthy of all praise. Her sisters left her all the work to do, and then abused her because she did it.

They all lived in this way for nearly a year, when the merchant received a letter saying that a ship on which he had some goods had arrived safely. This news greatly excited the older sisters, who thought that they might now leave the country, and return to the city. When their father left, they begged him to buy them new gowns, caps, rings, and all manner of trifles; but Beauty did not ask for anything, for she thought to herself that all the money her father was to receive would hardly be enough to buy all the things her sisters wanted. "What will you have, Beauty?" said her father. "Since you are so kind as to think of me," said she, "pray bring me a rose, for we have none in our garden."

The good man went on his journey, but when he reached town the people went to law with him about his goods, and after a great deal of trouble he came home as poor as before.

While going through a forest, about thirty miles from his home, he lost his way. The snow was falling fast, and the wind blew very hard, and he began to fear that he would either be frozen, or eaten by the wolves that he heard howling all around him.

Suddenly looking down between rows of trees, he saw a bright light some way off, and on going toward it, he found that it came from a palace that was lighted up from top to bottom. The merchant thanked God for this help, and hurried to the palace, which he soon reached, but was surprised to find no one in the courtyards.

His horse, seeing a large stable open, walked in and found both hay and oats. The merchant tied his horse, and went toward the palace, but saw no one. He entered a large hall, and found a good fire, and a table with a plate for only one. There was plenty of food. As he was wet with rain and snow and very cold, he went to the fire to warm and dry himself. "I hope," said he to himself, "the master of the house, or his servants, will excuse the liberty I take. I hope it will not be long before some of them appear."

He waited till the clock struck eleven, and still nobody came. At last he was so hungry that he could wait no longer, but sat down and ate a hearty dinner. After this he began to look about him. He went out of the hall and through several grand rooms with elegant furniture, and finally came to a chamber which had a very good bed; and, as he was greatly fatigued, he shut the door and went to bed. He did not wake till ten o'clock the next morning,

and on getting up was surprised to see a good suit of clothes in the room, in place of his own, which had been quite spoiled by the storm. "Surely," said he, "this palace must belong to some kind fairy, who has seen and pitied my condition." He looked out of a window, and, instead of snow, saw the most beautiful arbors and the handsomest flowers that were ever known. He returned to the hall where he had eaten the night before, and found his breakfast ready for him. "Thank you, good Madam Fairy," said he aloud, "for being so kind as to think of my breakfast."

The good man went for his horse, and passing through an arbor of roses, remembered Beauty's request. He picked several of the roses, and immediately he heard a great noise, and saw a frightful beast coming toward him. "Ungrateful man," said the Beast to him, in a terrible voice, "I have saved your life by letting you into my castle, and in return you steal my roses, which I love better than anything else in the world; but you shall die for it. I give you but a quarter of an hour to say your prayers and prepare yourself." The merchant fell on his knees, and lifted up both hands. "My lord," said he, "I beseech you to forgive me; I had no intention to offend in gathering a rose for one of my daughters, who had asked me to bring her one." "My name is

not My Lord," replied the monster, "but Beast. I do not like compliments. I wish people to speak as they think; so do not expect to move me by any of your flatteries. However, you say you have daughters, and I will forgive you if one of them will willingly come and suffer for you. I wish no words; go about your business, but promise that if your daughters refuse to die in your place you will return within three months." The merchant had no thought of having one of his daughters give herself to the monster, but he thought he might have the pleasure of seeing them once more. So he made the promise, and the Beast told him that he might leave when he pleased; "but," he added, "you shall not depart empty handed. Go back to the room where you slept, and you will see a great empty chest; fill it with whatever you like best, and I will send it to your home." With these words, the Beast left.

"Well," said the good man to himself, "if I must die, I shall at least have the comfort of leaving something to my poor children."

He returned to the chamber, and finding a quantity of gold pieces, he filled the great chest the Beast had told him of, and locked it. He then took his horse from the stable, and left the palace with as much of grief as he had of joy when he entered it.

The horse, of his own accord, took one of the

roads of the forest, and in a few hours the merchant reached his home. His children came to him; but instead of receiving their caresses with pleasure, he stood looking at them with tears in his eyes. Holding out to Beauty the branch of roses, he said, "Take it; little do you know what it has cost your father." And then he told them the story of his adventures. The two oldest daughters set up a great outcry, and spoke very unkindly to Beauty, who did not cry at all. "See what has come of the little wretch's pride," they said. "She would not ask for fine clothes, as we did; no indeed, miss wished to be uncommon; and now that she is going to be the death of our poor father, she will not shed a tear." "Why should I?" answered Beauty. "It would be very needless, for my father shall not suffer on my account. As the monster will accept one of his daughters, I will go in his place; and I am happy to think my death will save my father's life, and be a proof of my love for him." "No, sister," said her three brothers, "that shall not be; we will go and find the monster, and either kill him or die ourselves." "Do not think of such a thing, my sons," said the merchant. "The power of Beast is so great that there would be no hope that you would get the better of him. I am touched by Beauty's kindness of heart, but I cannot consent to what she purposes.

I am old and have but a little longer to live, so at the most I shall lose only a few years, which I regret for your sakes, my dear children." "Indeed, father, you shall not go to the palace without me," said Beauty; "you cannot hinder me from following you." In spite of all they could say, Beauty still insisted on setting out for the palace; and her sisters were not sorry, for her goodness had filled them with jealousy.

The merchant was so grieved at the thought of losing his daughter, that he never thought of the chest of gold. But, at night, as soon as he had shut his chamber door, what was his surprise to find it by his bedside. He determined, however, not to tell his children that he had grown rich, as his two older daughters would have wanted to return to town, and he was resolved not to leave the country; but he trusted Beauty with the secret, who told him that two gentlemen came in his absence, and courted her sisters, and she begged him to consent to their marriage, and give them fortunes, — for she was so good that she loved them, and forgave them cheerfully for all their ill usage.

When the time came for Beauty to leave, her sisters made a pretense of sorrow. Her brothers were very sad. Beauty was the only one who did not shed tears at the parting. She did not wish to increase the sorrow of any one.

The horse took the direct road to the palace, and towards evening they saw it, all lit up as when the merchant first saw it. The horse went to the stable, and the good man and his daughter went to the great hall, where they found a table magnificently spread, with two covers laid. The merchant had no heart to eat, but Beauty, trying to appear cheerful, sat down to the table and helped him. Afterwards she thought to herself, "Beast surely has a mind to fatten me before he eats me, since he provides such a good supper." When they had supped they heard a great noise, and the merchant, in tears, bade his poor child farewell, for he thought Beast was coming. Beauty was greatly frightened at his horrid form, but she took courage as well as she could, and the monster having asked her if she came willingly, she said tremblingly that she did. "You are very good, and I am grateful to you. Honest man, go your way to-morrow morning, but never think of coming here again. Farewell, Beauty." "Farewell, Beast," she replied, sighing, and the Beast immediately left. "Oh, daughter," said the merchant, embracing Beauty, "I am almost frightened to death; believe me, you had better go back and let me stay here." "No, father," said Beauty, firmly, "you must go and leave me to the care of Providence." They went to bed, and thought they

should not close their eyes all night, but they fell fast asleep as soon as they lay down. Beauty dreamed a fair lady came and said to her, "I am greatly pleased with your brave heart, Beauty; this good action of yours in giving up your own life to save your father's shall not go unrewarded." Beauty waked and told her father the dream; and though it helped to comfort him a little, yet he could not help crying bitterly when he took his leave, as he feared he might never see Beauty again.

As soon as he was gone Beauty sat down in the great hall and cried; but as she had a great deal of spirit, she soon composed herself and commended herself to God, and determined not to be uneasy for the little time she had to live, for she thought the Beast would eat her up that night. She made up her mind to walk about and see the great castle, which she could not help admiring. It was a beautiful and pleasant place, and she was greatly surprised to find a door over which was written "Beauty's Room." She opened the door, and was dazzled by the splendor she saw within. Among other things there was a great library, a harpsichord, and many books of music. "Surely," thought Beauty, "if Beast thought of eating me at once, he would not have done so much for my comfort." So, taking heart, she opened the library, and saw

written in gold letters, "Wish or command, you are queen and mistress here." "Alas," said she, sighing, "I want nothing but to see my poor father again, and to know what he is now doing." She had scarcely thought this when, what was her surprise, on looking in a great mirror, to see there her own home, where her father was just arriving with a most sad face; her sisters came out to meet him, and, in spite of their efforts to seem sad, it was easy to see that they were glad because of their sister's loss. In a moment the scene had vanished. Beauty felt that this was a proof of Beast's kindness, and that she had nothing to fear from him.

Toward evening she returned to the great hall, and found dinner all ready for her. The most delightful music played during the whole of the dinner. When Beauty had finished, the table was cleared, and delicious fruits were brought. At the same hour as on the day before she heard Beast coming. He advanced toward Beauty, who dared not look up, and said, "Will you permit me to sit with you?" "That is as you please," replied she. "Not so," said the Beast, "for you are mistress here; and if my company is disagreeable, I will go; but tell me, Beauty, do you think me very ugly?" "I do, indeed," said she, "to speak the truth; but I think you are very good." "You are

right," said the monster; "but that is not all, for I am stupid as well as ugly; I know well that I am nothing but a beast." "No one is really stupid who thinks that he has little wit," answered Beauty. "No fool ever yet thought that." "Ah, well!" said the Beast, "try to make yourself happy here, Beauty; I should be sorry if you were unhappy." "You are very kind, Beast," said she; "indeed, when I think of your good heart, you no longer seem to me so ugly." "Dear me, yes," said he; "my heart is good, but, for all that, I am a monster." "There are many who are more of monsters than you are," said Beauty; "and I like you better with that face than many who, under an appearance of beauty, hide a cruel heart." "Ah!" said the Beast, "if I were not so stupid, I would know how to thank you." So Beauty talked to him, and gained courage all the time, but she nearly fainted with fright when Beast took hold of her hand, and said, in a gentle voice, "Beauty, will you marry me?" She quickly withdrew her hand, but made no reply, at which the Beast sighed deeply and withdrew. On his next visit he seemed very sad, but said nothing. Some weeks after he repeated his question, when Beauty replied, "No, Beast, I cannot marry you, but I will do all that I can to make you happy." "This you cannot do," replied he, "for unless you marry me

I shall die." "Oh, say not so," said Beauty, "for it is impossible for me ever to marry you." The Beast then went away more unhappy than ever. Beauty felt sad, and said, "'Tis a thousand pities anything so good-natured should be so ugly."

All this time Beauty did not forget her father. One day she felt that she must know how he was, and what he was doing. She cast her eyes on the mirror, and saw that her father had pined himself ill and lay in his bed, while her sisters were trying on some fine dresses in another room. At this sad sight poor Beauty wept bitterly.

When the Beast came, he saw her grief, and asked the cause. She told him what she had seen, and how much she wished to go and nurse her father. He asked her if she would promise to return at the end of a week if she went. Beauty gave him her promise. "Well, then," said Beast, "you will find yourself there to-morrow; but do not forget to return. You will only have to place your ring on a table when you go to bed if you wish to come back. Farewell, Beauty."

When Beauty awoke in the morning, she found herself in her father's cottage; and, on ringing a little bell she found by her bed, the servant entered, and cried out on seeing her. Her father entered on hearing the noise, and almost died of joy when he

saw his dear daughter, and for a long time they thought only of each other. Then Beauty remembered that she had no gown to put on; but the servant told her that she had just found a great chest in the next room, and that it was full of golden gowns sewn with diamonds. Beauty thanked the good Beast in her heart; and choosing the simplest dress, she told the maid to lock up the others, as she would give them to her sisters. As she said this, the chest disappeared. Her father told her that Beast wished her to keep them for herself. Immediately the dresses and the chest came back to the same place.

Then Beauty put on her dress, and her sisters, who had been sent for, with their husbands, came to see her. They were both very unhappy. The oldest had married a very handsome young gentleman, but he was so much in love with his own face that he never noticed the beauty of his wife. The second had married a man of wit, who always loved to annoy every one, and especially his wife. The two sisters were very much annoyed at Beauty's return. They had really hoped that the Beast would destroy her. They were angry to see her dressed like a queen, and jealous of her beauty. All that Beauty did to gain their love only made them dislike her the more. Her sisters went together into the

garden, where they could talk without being heard. The oldest said, "Why should this minx be better off than we are? Let us keep her here beyond the time; and then when she returns, the monster will be so angry that he will destroy her." The other sister agreed to this.

In order to succeed they treated Beauty with great kindness, and showed so much affection that Beauty almost wept for joy. When the week was up, the sisters tore their hair, and acted as though they would die of grief, so that they easily made Beauty agree to remain another week.

However, Beauty worried at the grief she knew she was causing poor Beast, whom she really loved with all her heart and longed to see again. The tenth night that she spent in her father's house, she dreamed that she was in the palace garden, and saw Beast lying on the grass and likely to die. Beauty awoke, crying. She placed her ring on the table, and fell again into a sound sleep. When she awoke, she found herself in the palace. Everything was just as she left it, but the sweet sounds of music that used to greet her were not heard. She felt very sad, but could not tell why.

She expected a visit from Beast at the usual time, but he did not come. She wondered at this, and was very sorry she had not returned as she prom-

ised. She feared the poor Beast had died of grief, and resolved to seek him in every part of the palace. She ran through every room, but could find him nowhere. Then she remembered her dream, and hurried into the garden, going toward the little canal, where she had seen him in her sleep. She soon came to a plot of grass, where the poor Beast lay as if dead. She ran toward him, and knelt by his side, and finding that he still lived, sprinkled water over his face.

He opened his eyes and said, "Beauty, you forgot your promise, and I must die." "No, dear Beast," said Beauty, weeping; "no, you shall not die, you will live to be my husband. I thought that I had only friendship for you, but now I know I love you with my whole heart."

As soon as she said these words, the Beast disappeared, and she saw at her feet a handsome prince, who thanked her for having broken his enchantment. At the same moment the whole castle was lit up, the sweetest music was heard, and bells rang merrily. Beauty, however, could think of nothing but her dear Beast, and asked the prince where she could find him. "You see him at your feet," said he. Then he told her that a wicked magician had condemned him to wear the form of a beast until a beautiful maiden should consent to marry him

"But," said he, "you were the only one in the world good enough to be touched by my kind heart and unhappy state, so this palace and all that belongs to me is but a poor return for your goodness."

So saying he led Beauty to the great hall of the palace, which was now thronged; for at the same instant that the Beast was changed, the whole palace became full of courtiers, all of whom had been made invisible when the prince was enchanted. What was Beauty's joy to find there her father and sisters, transported by the kind fairy who had appeared to her in her sleep. "Beauty," said she, "here is the reward of your wise choice. You have chosen goodness, and you shall have beauty and wisdom as well." Then, turning to the frowning sisters, she punished them by turning them into two statues to stand by the door of their sister's palace until their hard hearts should be softened. The prince married Beauty, and they lived happily together for many, many years.

FIVE OUT OF ONE SHELL

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — This and the following selections are by Hans Christian Andersen, a Danish writer, who was born in 1805 and died in 1879. He wrote tragedies and poems, but is most widely known as a writer of stories for children.

These tales have been translated into many languages. There are many editions in cheap form. You should own his fairy tales if possible. They are original, sweet, and pure. The selections given will give you a good idea of the style in which they are written.

THERE were five peas in one shell. They were green, and the pod was green, and so they thought all the world was green, and that was just as it should be. The shell grew and the peas grew.

The sun shone without and warmed the husk, and the rain made it clear and bright. It was mild in the bright day and in the dark night, just as it should be, and the peas as they sat there became bigger and bigger, and more and more thoughtful, for something they must do.

"Are we to sit here forever?" asked one. "I'm afraid we shall become hard by long sitting. It seems to me there must be something outside." And weeks went by. The peas became yellow, and the pod also.

"All the world's turning yellow," said they, and they had a right to say it. Just then they felt a tug at the shell. The shell was torn off, passed through little hands, and fell down into the pocket of a jacket, along with other full pods.

"Now we shall soon be opened!" they said; and that was just what they were waiting for. "I

should like to know who of us will get farthest!" said the smallest of the five. "Yes, now it will soon show itself." "What is to be will be," said the biggest.

"Crack!" the pod burst, and all the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was clutching them, and said they were fine peas for his peashooter, and he put one in and shot it out.

"Now I'm flying out into the wide world; catch me if you can!" And he was gone. "I," said the second, "I shall fly straight into the sun. That's a shell worth looking at, and one that just suits me." And away he went.

"We'll go to sleep wherever we are sent," said the next two, "but we shall roll on all the same." And they did roll and fell down on the ground before they got into the peashooter, but they were put in for all that. "We shall go farthest," said they.

"What is to be will be," said the last, as he was shot out of the peashooter, and he flew up against the old board under the garret window, just into a crack which was filled with moss and soft mold, and the moss closed round him; there he lay, held fast, but not forgotten.

In the little garret lived a poor woman, who went out in the day to clean stoves, chop wood, and to do

other hard work of the same kind, for she was strong and liked to work. But she was always poor; and at home in the garret lay her only child, who was very ill and weak; and it seemed as if she could not get well.

"She is going to her little sister," the woman said. "I had only the two children, but it was not an easy thing to care for both, so the good God took one to himself to care for; now I should be glad to keep the other that was left me; but I suppose they are not to remain apart.

But the sick girl did not go. She lay quiet all day long, while her mother went to earn money out of doors.

It was spring; and early in the morning, just as the mother was about to go out to work, the sun shone through the little window, and threw its rays across the floor, and the sick girl fixed her eyes on the lowest pane in the window. "What may that green thing be that looks in at the window? It is moving in the wind."

And the sick girl's bed was moved nearer the window, so that she could always see the growing pea; and the mother went forth to her work.

"Mother, I think I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening. "The sun shone in upon me to-day so warm and bright. I shall get well

soon, and get up and go out into the warm sunshine."

"God grant it!" said the mother, but she did not think it would be so; but she took care of the little green plant which had given her child the pleasant thoughts of life, so that it might not be broken by the wind.

She tied a piece of string to the window sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea might have something around which it could twine when it shot up; and it did shoot up; one could see how it grew every day.

"Why, here is a flower coming," said the woman one day; and now she began to hope that her sick child would get well. In the last few days she had sat up in bed of her own will, and had sat upright, looking with her eyes full of delight at the little garden in which only one plant grew.

A week after, for the first time, she sat up for a whole hour. Quite happy, she sat there in the warm sunshine; the window was open, and outside, before it, stood a pink pea blossom, fully blown. The sick girl bent down and gently kissed the pretty leaves.

"The Heavenly Father himself has planted that pea, and made it grow, to be a joy to you, and to me also, dear child," said the glad mother; and she smiled at the flower as if it had been a good angel.

But about the other peas? Why, the one who flew out into the wide world and said, "Catch me if you can," fell into the gutter on the roof, and found a home in a bird's crop.

The two lazy ones got just as far, for they, too, were eaten up by the birds, and thus, at any rate, they were of some real use; but the fourth, who wanted to go up into the sun, fell into the sink, and lay there in the dirty water for weeks and weeks.

But the young girl at the garret window stood there with gleaming eyes, with the rosy hue of health on her cheeks, and folded her thin hands over the pea blossom and thanked Heaven for it.

THE DAISY

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

IN the country, close by the road, stood a summer house. Before it was a little garden with flowers, and all around it a fence. Close by it, by the ditch, in the midst of the green grass, grew a little Daisy.

The sun shone as warmly and as brightly upon it as on the splendid garden flowers, and so it grew from hour to hour.

One morning it stood in full bloom, with its little shining white leaves like rays around the little sun in the middle.

It never thought that no man would see it down in the grass, and that it was a poor little flower. No, it was very merry, and looked up at the warm sun and heard the Lark singing, high in the air.

The little Daisy was as happy as if it were a great holiday; and yet it was only a Monday. All the children were at school; and while they sat on their benches, learning, it sat on its little green stalk, and learned also from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is.

And the Daisy was very glad that everything it felt was sung so sweetly by the Lark. It looked up with love to the happy bird who could sing and fly. But it was not sorry because it could not sing and fly, also.

"I can see and hear," it thought; "the sun shines on me and the forest kisses me, and I am very happy."

In the garden stood many tall, stiff, rich flowers, who held their heads very high that they might be better seen. They did not notice the little Daisy outside there, but the Daisy looked in at them the more, and thought, "How rich and beautiful they are! Yes, the pretty birds fly to them and visit them. I am glad that I stand so near to them, and can enjoy the sight of their beauty!"

And just as she thought that, "keevit!" down flew the Lark. But not down to the great, rich

flowers; no, down into the grass to the Daisy, who started so with joy, that it did not know what to think.

The little bird danced round about it, and sang, "Oh, how soft the grass is! and see what a lovely little flower, with gold in its heart, and silver on its dress!" For the yellow point in the Daisy looked like gold, and the little leaves round it shone silvery white.

How happy was the little Daisy! No one can think how happy! The bird kissed it with his beak, and sang to it, and then flew up again into the blue air.

The Daisy looked at the other flowers in the garden, for they had seen the Lark kiss and speak to the little flower, and they must have known what a joy it was.

But the tulips stood up twice as stiff as before, and they looked quite red, for they were angry. The poor little flower could see very well that all the flowers were angry, and that hurt it very much.

At this moment there came into the garden a girl, with a great sharp, shining knife. She went straight up to the tulips, and cut off one after another of them.

"Oh," said the Daisy, "this is dreadful! now it is all over with them."

Then the girl went away with the tulips. The Daisy was glad to stand out in the grass, and to be only a poor little flower.

It felt very grateful; and when the sun went down it folded its leaves and went to sleep, and dreamed all night about the sun and the pretty little bird.

Next morning, when the flower again stretched out all its white leaves, like little arms, toward the sky and the light, it heard again the voice of the bird, but the song he was singing was sad.

Yes, the poor Lark was very sad; he was caught, and now sat in a cage close by the open window.

He sang of happy and free roaming. He sang of the young, green corn in the fields, and of the journey he might make on his wings high through the air.

The little Daisy wished very much to help him. But what was it to do? Yes, that was very hard to find out.

Just then two little boys came out into the garden. One of them carried in his hand the knife which the little girl had used to cut off the tulips.

They went straight up to the little Daisy, who could not at all make out what they wanted.

"Here we may find a fine piece of turf for the Lark," said one of the boys; and he cut out a square patch round about the Daisy, so that the flower stood in the middle of the piece of grass.

"Tear off the flower," said one boy. "No, let it stay," said the other; "it looks so pretty."

And so it was put into the Lark's cage. But the poor bird sang sadly, and beat his wings against the wires of his prison house.

And the little Daisy could not speak, — could not say a kind word to him, gladly as it would have done so.

"There is no water here," said the Lark. "They have all gone out, and have forgotten to give me anything to drink. My throat is dry and burning. Oh, I must die, and leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green, and all that God has made."

Then the poor bird saw the Daisy, and he nodded to it, and kissed it, and said: "You also must die here, you pretty little flower. They have given you to me with a little patch of green grass on which you grow, instead of the whole world, which was mine out there!

"Every little blade of grass shall be a great tree for me, and every one of your sweet leaves a great flower. You only tell me how much I have lost."

"If I could only help him!" thought the little Daisy. It could not stir a leaf, but sent such a stream of perfume from its leaves that the lark noticed it, and was grateful. He had already eaten

all the green blades of grass, in his pain, but did not touch the flower.

Night came, and no one brought the poor bird a drop. Then he stretched out his pretty wings, and his head sank down toward the flower, and his heart broke.

Then the Daisy could not fold its leaves and sleep as it had done the night before. It drooped sadly to the earth.

The boys did not come till the next morning. When they found the bird dead, they were very sorry and cried for a long while. Then they dug him a little grave and planted pretty flowers on it.

While the Lark was alive and sang they forgot him, and let him sit in his cage and suffer. But now that he was dead he had flowers and many tears.

But the patch of earth with the Daisy in it was thrown out into the highroad. No one thought of the flower that had felt the most for the little bird and would have been so glad to help him.

THE FIR TREE

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

OUT in the forest was a pretty little Fir Tree. It stood where it could have the sunlight, and where there was plenty of air. It had many larger companions, pines as well as firs. The little Fir Tree was not happy. It wanted to become larger. It did not care for the warm sun and fresh air; it took no notice of the children who had come out to look for berries. But the children noticed it, and when they had a whole basket of berries, or had strung berries on a straw, they would sit down by the little Fir Tree and say, "How pretty and how small this one is!" The Fir Tree did not like to hear this. He did not like to be called small.

The next year he had grown a whole joint, and the year after another. "Oh, if I were only as large as the others!" sighed the little Fir, "then I would spread my branches, and from my crown I would look out into the wide world. Then the birds would build nests in my boughs, and when the wind blew I would nod as proudly as they."

The sunshine, and the birds, and the red clouds, and all that should have made the Fir Tree happy, gave it no pleasure.

When the winter came, and the snow lay all

around, white, beautiful, and sparkling, and the Hares played about, jumping right over the little Fir Tree, it grew angry, instead of being happy as it should have been. But the third winter came, and the little tree had grown so tall that the Hares were obliged to run around it.

"Oh! to grow, and grow, and become old, that is the only fine thing in the world," thought the little Fir Tree.

Every fall men came and cut a few of the largest trees. The great trees fell to the ground with a crash. Their branches were cut off, and they were so long, and slender, and naked, that one would hardly know them. They were loaded upon wagons, and horses drew them away, out of the wood. Where were they going? What was to be done with them? The little Fir Tree was now quite well grown, and all this made it shudder with fear.

In the spring when the Swallows and the Storks came, the little Fir Tree asked them what had become of the large trees.

The Swallows knew nothing about it, but a Stork looked thoughtful, nodded his head, and said, "I think I know. I met many new ships when I flew out of Egypt, and they had high masts. I think they were the trees. They smelled like fir."

"Oh, I wish I were big enough to go over the

sea," said the Fir Tree. "What kind of a thing is the sea, and how does it look?"

"It would take too long to explain all that," said the Stork, and away he went.

"Rejoice in your youth," said the Sunbeams, "rejoice in your fresh growth and young life," and the Wind kissed the Tree, and the Dew wept tears upon it; but the Fir Tree did not understand it.

Just before Christmas time, young trees, some neither so large nor so old as the Fir Tree, were cut, and with their branches all untouched were drawn away out of the wood.

"Where are they all going?" asked the Fir Tree. "They are not larger than I am. Indeed, one of them was much smaller. Why do they keep all their branches? Where are they taken?"

"We know! we know!" chirped the Swallows. "We know where they go. We have seen them in the windows in the town yonder. Oh! they are dressed up beautifully. We have looked in the windows, and seen them planted in the middle of a warm room, covered with the most beautiful things, —gilt apples, honey cakes, playthings, and hundreds of candles."

"And what happens then?" asked the Fir Tree, trembling in all its branches.

"Why, we have not seen anything more," said the Swallows, "but it was very, very beautiful."

The Fir Tree was very happy, and said, "Perhaps that will be my fate some day. That would be even better than traveling across the sea. Oh, how I long for it! If it were only Christmas time now! Oh, if I were only on the carriage! If I were only in the warm room with all the beautiful things! And then? Yes, there must be something grander to come. Oh! how I am longing for it!"

"Rejoice in us," said the Air and Sunshine. "Rejoice in your fresh youth here in the woods."

But the Fir Tree did not rejoice at all. It grew and grew. It stood there, a dark, beautiful green, winter and summer. People who saw it said, "What a handsome tree!"

When Christmas time came again, it was cut down before any of the others. The ax cut deep into its marrow, and it fell to the ground with a sigh; it felt faint and could not think at all of happiness. After all, it felt sad at parting from its home. It knew that it would never again see its dear old companions, the little bushes, the flowers, perhaps not even the birds. It had longed to go, but after all, the parting was a sad one.

The Tree only came to itself when it was unloaded in a yard with other trees, and heard a man say, "This is a famous one; this is the one we want."

Two servants came and carried the Fir Tree into

a large, beautiful room. Pictures were hung all around the walls. Large Chinese vases, with lions on the covers, stood by the great stove. There were rocking chairs, silken sofas, great tables covered with picture books, and toys worth a hundred times a hundred dollars; at least the children said so.

The Fir Tree was put into a great tub filled with sand; but no one could see that it was a tub, for it was hung round with green cloth, and stood on a many-colored carpet. Oh, how the Tree trembled! What was to happen now? The servants and the young ladies hung beautiful things on its branches: nets filled with sweetmeats, golden apples, dolls that looked like real people, and more than a hundred little candles. On the very top of the Tree was fixed a tinsel star. It was splendid, very splendid. "This evening," they all said, "this evening it will shine."

"Oh," thought the Tree, "I wish it were evening already! I hope the lights will be lit soon. I wonder if the trees will come out of the forest to look at me? Will the Sparrows fly against the panes? Shall I grow fast here, and be so beautiful, summer and winter?"

At last the candles were lighted. How bright and beautiful it was! The Tree trembled so in all

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and still was raised up to honor, and married the Princess?"

"Ivede-Avede!" cried some; "Klumpey-Dumpey!" cried others. And there was great crying out, and shouting. The Fir Tree was quite silent, and thought, "Shall I not be in it? Shall I have nothing to do in it?" But he had been in the evening's amusement, and had done his part.

And the fat man told about Klumpey-Dumpey who fell down stairs, and yet was raised to honor, and married the princess. And the children clapped their hands, and cried, "Tell another! Tell another!" for they wanted to hear about Ivede-Avede; but they only got the story of Klumpey-Dumpey. The Fir Tree was silent. The birds in the woods had never told such a story as that.

The Fir Tree thought the story must be true, because such a nice man told it. "Well, who can know? Perhaps I, too, shall fall down stairs, and marry a princess," said the Fir Tree. And it looked forward to being trimmed again, the next evening, with candles, and toys, and gold, and fruit.

"To-morrow I shall hear the story of Klumpey-Dumpey again, and perhaps the story of Ivede-Avede, also."

The Tree was quiet and thoughtful all night. In the morning the servants came in.

"Now my splendor will begin anew," thought the Tree; but they dragged him out of the room, up stairs, to the garret, and put him in a dark corner. "What does this mean?" thought the Tree. "What am I to do here? What is to happen?"

And he leaned against the wall, and thought. And he had time enough; for days and nights went by, and nobody came up, and when some one did come, it was only to put some great boxes in a corner. Now the Tree was quite hidden away and forgotten.

"Now it is winter outside," thought the Tree. "The earth is hard, and covered with snow, and people cannot plant me; so I suppose I am to be kept here until spring. How kind that is! I wish it were not so dark here, and so lonely. How pretty it was out in the wood, when the snow was on the ground, and the Hares ran and jumped over me; but then I did not like it."

"Peep! peep!" said a little Mouse, who crept forward, followed by another. They smelled at the Fir Tree, and then slipped in among the branches. "It is horribly cold," said the two little Mice. "If it were not so cold, it would be very comfortable here. Don't you think so, you old Fir Tree?"

"I am not old at all," said the Fir Tree. "There are many much older than I."

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"What splendid stories you can tell!" said the
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And the next night they came, with four other

all the green blades of grass, in his pain, but did not touch the flower.

Night came, and no one brought the poor bird a drop. Then he stretched out his pretty wings, and his head sank down toward the flower, and his heart broke.

Then the Daisy could not fold its leaves and sleep as it had done the night before. It drooped sadly to the earth.

The boys did not come till the next morning. When they found the bird dead, they were very sorry and cried for a long while. Then they dug him a little grave and planted pretty flowers on it.

While the Lark was alive and sang they forgot him, and let him sit in his cage and suffer. But now that he was dead he had flowers and many tears.

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The next year he had grown a whole joint, and the year after another. "Oh, if I were only as large as the others!" sighed the little Fir, "then I would spread my branches, and from my crown I would look out into the wide world. Then the birds would build nests in my boughs, and when the wind blew I would nod as proudly as they."

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the garden, quite into the parson's field, but I have never been there yet. I hope you are all together," she continued, and stood up. "No, I have not all. The largest egg still lies there. How long is that to last? I am really tired of it." And she sat down again.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old Duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"It lasts a long time with that one egg," said the Duck who sat there. "It will not burst. Now, only look at the others; are they not the prettiest ducks one could possibly see? They are all like their father, — the bad fellow never comes to see me."

"Let me see the egg which will not burst," said the old visitor. "Believe me, it is a turkey's egg. I was once cheated in that way, and had much anxiety and trouble with the young ones, for they were afraid of the water. I could not get them to venture in. I quacked and clucked, but it was of no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, that's a turkey's egg! Let it lie there, and you teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the Duck. "I've sat so long now, that I can sit a few days more."

"Just as you please," said the old Duck; and she went away.

At last the great egg burst. "Peep! peep!" said

the little one, and crept forth. It was very large and very ugly. The Duck looked at it.

"It's a very large Duckling," said she; "none of the others look like that. Can it really be a turkey chick? Now we shall soon find out. It must go into the water, even if I have to push it in myself."

The next day the weather was splendid, and the sun shone on all the green trees. The Mother Duck went down to the water with all her little ones. Splash! she jumped into the water. "Quack! quack!" she said, and then one Duckling after another plunged in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up in an instant, and swam capitally; their legs went of themselves, and there they were, all in the water. The ugly gray Duckling swam with them.

"No, it's not a turkey," said she. "Look how well it can use its legs, and how erect it holds itself. It is my own child! On the whole it's quite pretty, if one looks at it rightly. Quack! quack! come with me, and I'll lead you out into the great world, and present you in the poultry yard; but keep close to me, so that no one may tread on you; and take care of the cats!"

And so they came into the poultry yard. There was a terrible riot going on in there, for two families

were quarreling about an eel's head, and the cat got it, after all.

"See, that's how it goes in the world!" said the Mother Duck; and she whetted her beak, for she, too, wanted the eel's head. "Only use your legs," said she. "See that you bustle about, and bow your heads before the old Duck yonder. She's the grandest of all here; she's of Spanish blood — that's why she's so fat; and do you see, she has a red rag round her leg; that's something particularly fine, and the greatest distinction a duck can enjoy; it signifies that one does not want to lose her, and that she's to be recognized by man and beast. Shake yourselves; don't turn in your toes, — a well brought up duck turns its toes out, just like father and mother, so! Now bend your necks, and say 'Rap!'"

And they did so; but the other ducks round about looked at them, and said quite boldly, —

"Look there! now we're to have these hanging on, as if there were not enough of us already! And, fie! how that Duckling yonder looks! We won't stand that!" And one duck flew up immediately, and bit it in the neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother; "it does no harm to any one."

"Yes, but it's too large and peculiar, and therefore it must be buffeted."

"Those are pretty children that the mother has there," said the old Duck with the rag round her leg. "They're all pretty but that one; that was a failure. I wish she could change it."

"That cannot be done, my lady," replied the Mother Duck. "It is not pretty, but it has a real good disposition, and swims as well as any other; I may even say it swims better. I think it will grow up pretty, and become smaller in time; it has lain too long in the egg, and so is not properly shaped." And then she pinched it in the neck, and smoothed its feathers. "Moreover, it is a drake," she said, "and so it is not of so much consequence. I think he will be very strong; he makes his way already."

"The other Ducklings are graceful enough," said the old Duck. "Make yourself at home; and if you find an eel's head, you may bring it to me."

And now they were at home. But the poor Duckling which had crept out of the last egg, and looked so ugly, was bitten, and pushed, and jeered, as much by the ducks as by the chickens.

"It is too big!" they all said. And the turkey cock, who had been born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an emperor, blew himself up like a ship in full sail, and bore straight down upon it; then he gobbled, and grew quite red in the face. The poor Duckling did not know where it should stand or

walk; it was sad, because it looked so ugly, and was jeered at by the whole yard.

So it went on the first day; afterward it became worse and worse. The poor Duckling was hunted by every one; even its brothers and sisters were angry with it and said, "If the cat would only catch you, you ugly creature!" And the mother said, "If you were only far away!" And the ducks bit it, and the chickens beat it, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked at it with her foot.

Then it ran and flew over the fence, and the little birds in the bushes flew up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly!" thought the Duckling; and it shut its eyes, but flew no farther; thus it came out into the great moor, where the Wild Ducks lived. Here it lay the whole night long; and it was weary and downcast.

Toward morning the Wild Ducks flew up, and looked at their new companion. "What sort of a one are you?" they asked; and the Duckling turned in every direction, and bowed as well as it could. "You are remarkably ugly!" said the Wild Ducks. "But that is no matter to us, so long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing. It certainly did not think of marrying, and only hoped to obtain leave to lie among the reeds and drink some of the swamp water.

Thus it lay two whole days; and then there came two Wild Geese. It was not long since each had crept out of an egg, and that's why they were so saucy.

"Listen, comrade," said one of them. "You're so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us, and become a bird of passage? Near here, in another moor, there are a few sweet, lovely Wild Geese, all unmarried, and all are able to say 'Rap!' You've a chance of making your fortune, ugly as you are!"

"Piff! paff" resounded through the air; and the two ganders fell down dead in the swamp, and the water became blood red. "Piff! paff!" it sounded again, and whole flocks of Wild Geese rose up from the weeds. And then there was another report. A great hunt was going on. The hunters were lying in wait all around the moor, and some were even sitting up in the branches of the trees, which spread far over the reeds. The blue smoke rose up like clouds among the dark trees, and was wafted far away across the water; and the hunting dogs came splash, splash! into the swamp, and the rushes and the reeds bent down on every side. That was a fright for the poor Duckling! It turned its head and put it under its wing; but at that moment a frightful great dog stood close by the Duckling. His tongue hung far out of his mouth, and his eyes gleamed

horrible and ugly; he thrust out his nose close against the Duckling, showing his sharp teeth—and splash, splash!—on he went without seizing it.

"Oh, Heaven be thanked!" sighed the Duckling. "I am so ugly that even the dog does not like to bite me!"

And so it lay quiet, while the shots rattled through the reeds, and gun after gun was fired. At last, late in the day, it became quiet; but the poor Duckling did not dare to rise up; it waited several hours before it looked around, and then hastened away out of the moor as fast as it could. It ran over field and meadow; there was such a storm raging that it was difficult to get from one place to another.

Toward evening the Duckling came to a miserable peasant's hut. This hut was in so wretched a condition that it did not know which way it would fall; and that's why it remained standing. The storm whistled around the Duckling in such a way that the poor creature was obliged to sit down, to stand against it; and the tempest grew worse and worse. Then the Duckling noticed that one of the hinges of the door had given away, and the door hung so slanting that the Duckling could slip through the crack into the room, and it did so.

Here lived a woman with her Cat and her Hen. And the Cat, whom she called Sonnie, could arch his

back and purr, and could even give out sparks; but for that one had to stroke his fur the wrong way. The Hen had little short legs, and therefore was called Chickabiddy-shortshanks; she laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning the strange Duckling was noticed at once. The Cat began to purr, and the Hen to cluck.

"What's this?" said the woman, and looked all around; but she could not see well, and so thought the Duckling was a fat duck that had strayed. "This is a rare prize," she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs. I hope it is not a drake."

And so the Duckling was admitted on trial for three weeks; but no eggs came. The Cat was the master of the house, and the Hen the lady, and they always said, "We and the world!" for they thought they were half the world, and by far the better half. The Duckling thought one might have a different opinion, but the Hen would not allow it.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then you'll have the goodness to hold your tongue."

And the Cat said, "Can you curve your back, and purr, and give out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you cannot have any opinion of your own when sensible people are speaking."

And the Duckling sat in the corner and was sad; then the fresh air and the sunshine streamed in, and it was seized with such a strange longing to swim on the water, that it could not help telling the Hen of it.

"What are you thinking of?" cried the Hen. "You have nothing to do, that's why you have these fancies. Purr or lay eggs, and they will pass over."

"But it is so charming to swim on the water!" said the Duckling; "so refreshing to let it close above one's head, and to dive down to the bottom."

"Yes, that must be a great pleasure truly," said the Hen. "I fancy you must have gone crazy. Ask the Cat about it — he's the cleverest animal I know; ask him if he likes to swim on the water, or to dive down; I won't speak about myself. Ask our mistress, the old woman: no one in the world is cleverer than she. Do you think she has any desire to swim, and to let the water close above her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the Duckling.

"We don't understand you? Then pray who is to understand you? You surely don't pretend to be cleverer than the Cat and the old woman — I won't say anything of myself. Don't be conceited, child,

and be grateful for all the kindness you have received. Did you not get into a warm room, and have you not fallen into company from which you may learn something? But you are a chatterer, and it is not pleasant to associate with you. You may believe me, I speak for your good. I tell you disagreeable things, and by that one may always know one's true friends. Only take care that you learn to lay eggs, or to purr and give out sparks!"

"I think I will go out into the wide world," said the Duckling.

"Yes, do go," replied the Hen.

And the Duckling went away. It swam on the water, and dived, but it was slighted by every creature because of its ugliness.

Now came the autumn. The leaves on the forest turned yellow and brown; the wind caught them so that they danced about, and up in the air it was very cold. The clouds hung low, heavy with hail and snowflakes, and on the fence stood the raven, crying, "Croak! croak!" for mere cold; yes, it was enough to make one feel cold to think of this. The poor little Duckling certainly did not have a good time. One evening — the sun was just setting in his beauty — there came a great flock of large, handsome birds out of the bushes; they were dazzlingly

white, with long, flexible necks; they were swans. They uttered a very peculiar cry, spread forth their glorious great wings, and flew away from that cold region to warmer lands, to fair open lakes. They mounted so high, so high! and the ugly little Duckling felt very, very strangely as it watched them. It turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched out its neck toward them, and uttered such a strange loud cry as to frighten itself. Oh! it could not forget those beautiful, happy birds; and as soon as it could see them no longer, it dived down to the very bottom, and when it came up again, it was quite beside itself. It knew not the name of those birds, and knew not whither they were flying; but it loved them more than it had ever loved any one. It was not at all envious of them. How could it think of wishing to possess such loveliness as they had? It would have been glad if only the ducks would have endured its company — the poor ugly creature!

And the winter grew cold, very cold! The Duckling was forced to swim about in the water to prevent the surface from freezing. Every night the hole in which it swam became smaller and smaller. It froze so hard that the icy covering crackled again; and the Duckling was obliged to swim all the time to keep the hole from freezing up. At

last it was quite exhausted, and lay quite still, and was frozen fast in the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came along and saw what had happened. He took his wooden shoe and broke the ice and took the Duckling and carried it home to his wife. The Duckling soon came to itself again. The children wanted to play with it, but the Duckling was afraid of them, and in flying upset the milk pan, then flew into the butter tub, then into the meal barrel and out again. How it looked then! The woman screamed and struck at it with the fire tongs; the children tumbled over one another in their efforts to catch it. The door was open, and the poor creature finally flew out into the newly fallen snow and lay there quite exhausted.

It would be too sad to tell all the misery and suffering that the Duckling endured in the hard winter. It lay out on the moor among the reeds when the beautiful spring came. The sun began to shine again and the larks to sing.

Then all at once the Duckling could flap its wings. They beat the air more strongly than before, and bore it away, and before it well knew how this had happened, it found itself in a great garden, where the elder trees smelled sweet, and bent their long green branches down to the canal that was there.

Oh, it was so beautiful, the spring was so pleasant! From the thicket came three glorious white Swans; they rustled their wings, and swam lightly on the water. The Duckling knew the splendid creatures, and felt oppressed by a peculiar sadness.

"I will fly away to them, to the royal birds, and they will kill me, because I, that am so ugly, dare to approach them. But it is no matter! Better be killed by them than be pursued by the ducks, beaten by the fowls, and pushed about by the girl who cares for the poultry yard, and to suffer so in the winter!" And it flew out into the water, and swam toward the beautiful Swans. They looked at it, and then came sailing down upon it with outspread wings. "Kill me!" said the poor Duckling, and it bent its head down upon the water, expecting nothing but death. But what did it see in the clear water? It beheld its own image — and, lo! it was no longer a clumsy, dark-gray bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but — a swan.

It matters nothing if one was born in a duck yard, if one has only lain in a swan's egg.

It felt quite glad at all the need and misfortune it had suffered, now it realized its happiness in all the splendor that surrounded it. And the great Swans swam around it, and stroked it with their beaks.

Little children came into the garden, and threw

bread into the water, and the youngest cried out, "There is a new one!" and the other children shouted joyously, "Yes; a new one has arrived!" And they clapped their hands and danced about, and ran to their father and mother; and bread and cake were thrown into the water, and they all said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all, so young and handsome!" and the old Swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing, for he did not know what to do; he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He thought how he had been abused and despised, and now he heard them saying that he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder tree bent its branches straight down into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and mild. Then his wings rustled; he lifted his slender neck, and cried rejoicingly from the depths of his heart:

"I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was still the Ugly Duckling!"

THE FLAX

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THE Flax was in blossom; it had pretty little blue flowers as delicate as a moth's wing. The sun shone on it, and the rain clouds moistened it. This was just as good for it as it is for little children to be washed, and afterward be kissed by their mothers.

"People say that I look uncommonly well," said the Flax; "that I am fine, and long, and will make an excellent piece of linen. How happy I am! I am certainly the happiest of beings. How well off I am! I surely may come to something. How good the rain tastes, and how it refreshes me! How the sunshine gladdens one! I'm the happiest of beings."

"Yes, yes!" said the Hedge Stake. "You don't know the world, but we do, for we have knots in us;" and then it creaked out mournfully:

"Snip-snap-snurre,
Bassellurre!
The song is done."

"No, it is not done," said the Flax. "To-morrow the sun will shine, or the rain will refresh me. I feel that I am growing. I feel that I am in blossom. I am the happiest of beings."

But one day people came and pulled the Flax up by the root. That hurt; it was laid in water as if they meant to drown it, and then it was put on the fire as if they were going to roast it. It was fearful!

"One can't always have good times," said the Flax. "One must have experience, and so get to know something."

But bad times had certainly come. The Flax was moistened, and roasted, and broken, and hackled. The Flax did not even know why this was being done. It was put on the spinning wheel, and it went whirr! whirr! whirr! till it could not possibly collect its thoughts.

"I have been uncommonly happy," said the Flax, in its pain. "One must be content with the good one has had. Contented! contented!" and it continued to say that when it was put into the loom and until it became a beautiful piece of linen.

"This is quite remarkable! I never should have believed it! How favorable fortune is to me! The Hedge Stake said:

'The song is done.'

The song is not done by any means. It is just beginning in earnest. It is quite remarkable. If I have suffered, I have been made into something. No one is so happy as I. How strong and fine I am! How white and how long! This is something

different from being a mere plant, even if one does bear flowers. Now I am attended to. The maid turns me over every morning, and I get a shower bath every evening. Even the clergyman's wife speaks about me, and says I am the best piece in the whole parish. I cannot be happier."

Now the linen was taken into the house and cut, and torn, and pricked with needles. This was not pleasant; but twelve pieces of linen were made of it, a whole dozen.

"Just look! Now something has really been made of me. That was my destiny. That is a real blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, and that is right; that is a true pleasure. We have been made into twelve things, but we are all one just the same."

Years rolled on, and now they would hold together no longer.

"It must be over one day," said each piece. "I would have been glad to hold together a little longer, but one must not expect impossibilities."

Now they were torn into pieces and thought it must surely be all over. They were hacked into little pieces, and softened, and boiled; they did not know what was being done to them; soon they became beautiful white Paper.

"Now, that is a surprise, a glorious surprise!" said

the Paper. "Now I am finer than before. I shall be written on, and that is remarkable good fortune."

Beautiful stories were written upon the paper, and people heard them and were made better. It was sent to the printer, and everything that was written upon it was set up in type and printed, and many hundreds of books made.

"Yes, this is really the wisest way," thought the Written Paper. "I really did not think of that. I shall stay at home and be held in honor, just like an old grandfather; and I really am grandfather to all these books. Now something will be done. I could not have wandered about as these books will. He who wrote all this looked at me. I am the happiest of all."

Then the paper was tied into a bundle, and thrown into a tub. "It is good resting after work," said the Paper. "Now I can collect my thoughts. What will be done with me now? I am always going forward. I have found that out."

One day the Paper was taken out to be burned. The children all stood around, for they wanted to see it flame up and watch the red sparks. "Now I am mounting straight up to the sun," said a voice in the flame, and it sounded as if a thousand voices said this at once. The flames mounted up through the chimney and out at the top, and, invisible to human

eyes, tiny little beings floated there, as many as there had been blossoms on the Flax. Over the dead ashes the children sang:

"Snip-snap-snurre,
Bassellurre!
The song is done."

But the little invisible beings said, "The song is never done, that is best of all. I know it, and therefore I am the happiest of all."

But the children could neither hear that nor understand it; nor ought they, for children must not know everything.

SELECTIONS FROM ÆSOP'S FABLES

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Æsop, a celebrated writer of fables, was born about twenty-five hundred years ago. He is supposed to have been a Phrygian. He was the slave of Iadmon, who set him free as a reward for his wit and pleasantry. The Athenians erected a statue in his honor. The fables of Æsop were among the earliest writings of the kind, and have never been excelled for point, brevity, and good sense.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A DOG lay in a manger full of hay. An Ox came near and wanted to eat the hay. The Dog got up and growled at him, and would not let him eat it. "Cross Dog," said the Ox; "you cannot eat the hay, and yet you will let no one else have any."

THE MICE, THE CAT, AND THE BELL

It seems there was a sly Cat in the house, and the Mice were in such fear of her, that they had a meeting to find out some way to prevent her from catching them. "Do as I say," cried one of the Mice; "hang a bell on the Cat's neck, to tell us when she is near." This bright plan made the Mice jump for joy. "Well," said an old Mouse, "we have a pretty plan. Now, who shall hang the bell on the Cat's neck?" Not a Mouse would do it.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A hungry Fox saw some fine bunches of grapes hanging from a vine high up from the ground. As he looked he longed to get at them, but could not. At last, growing tired of leaping for them, he left them hanging there, and went on his way, muttering: "Let those have them who wish. They are green and sour! I will let them alone."

THE COVETOUS MAN

A miser once buried all his money in the earth, at the foot of a tree, and went every day to feast upon the sight of his treasure. A thievish fellow, who had watched him, came one night and carried off the gold. The next day the miser, finding his treasure gone, tore his clothes and filled the air with his lamentations. One of his neighbors told him that, if he looked at the matter aright, he had lost nothing. "Go every day," said he, "and fancy your money is there, and you will be as well off as ever."

THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER

A Grasshopper that had sung merrily all the summer was almost perishing with hunger in the winter. So she went to some Ants that lived near, and asked them to lend her a little food that they had put by. "You shall certainly be paid before this time next

year," she said. "What did you do all the summer?" asked they. "Why, all day long, and all night long, too, I sang, if you please," answered the Grasshopper. "Oh, you sang, did you?" said the Ants. "Now you may dance."

THE FOX AND THE ASS

An Ass, finding a lion's skin, put it on, and ranged about the forest. The beasts fled in terror, and he was delighted with the success of his disguise. Meeting a Fox, he rushed upon him, and this time he tried to imitate the roaring of the lion. "Ah," said the Fox, "if you had held your tongue, I should have been deceived like the rest; but now you bray I know who you are."

THE HUSBANDMAN AND HIS SONS

A certain husbandman lying at the point of death, called his sons around him, and gave into their charge his fields and vineyards, telling them that a treasure lay hidden somewhere in them, within a foot from the surface. His sons thought he spoke of money which he had hidden, and after he was buried they worked hard, digging all over the estate, but found nothing. The soil being well loosened, however, the succeeding crops were richer than ever before, and the sons then knew what their father had in view in telling them to dig for hidden treasure.

THE HAWK AND THE FARMER

A Hawk pursuing a pigeon with great eagerness, was caught in a net which had been set in a cornfield for the crows. The Farmer, seeing the Hawk fluttering in the net, came and took him. The Hawk begged the man to let him go, saying piteously that he had done him no harm. "And pray what harm had the poor pigeon done to you?" replied the Farmer. Without more words he wrung off his head.

THE GOATHERD AND THE SHE GOAT

A Boy, whose business it was to look after some goats, gathered them together at nightfall to lead them home. One of the number, a She Goat, refused to obey his call, and stood on a ledge of rock, nibbling the grass that grew there. The Boy lost all his patience, and took a great stone and threw it at the Goat with all his might. The stone struck one of the horns of the Goat and broke it off at the middle. The Boy was frightened and feared his master's anger. He threw himself on his knees before the Goat, and begged her to say nothing about the matter, saying that he had no idea of hitting her. "Tush!" replied the Goat. "Let my tongue be ever so silent, my horn is sure to tell the tale."

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A Lion, tired with the chase, lay sleeping at full length under a shady tree. Some Mice, scrambling over him while he slept, awoke him. Laying his paw upon one of them, he was about to crush him, but the Mouse implored his mercy in such moving terms that he let him go. Some time after the Lion was caught in a net laid by some hunters, and, unable to free himself, made the forest resound with his roars. The Mouse whose life had been spared came, and with his little sharp teeth gnawed the ropes and set the Lion free.

THE FOX AND THE STORK

A Fox one day invited a Stork to dine with him, and, wishing to be amused at his expense, put the soup which he had for dinner in a large, flat dish, so that, while he himself could lap it up quite well, the Stork could only dip in the tip of his long bill. Some time after, the Stork, bearing his treatment in mind, invited the Fox to take dinner with him. He, in turn, put minced meat in a long, narrow-necked vessel, into which he could easily put his bill, while the Fox was forced to be content with licking what ran down the sides of the vessel. The Fox then remembered his old trick, and had to admit that the Stork had well paid him off.

THE SUN AND THE NORTH WIND

A dispute once arose between the Sun and the North Wind as to which was the stronger of the two. Seeing a traveler on his way, they agreed to try which could sooner make him throw off his cloak.

The North Wind began, and sent a fierce blast which, at the outset, nearly tore the cloak from its fastenings; but the traveler took hold of the garment with a firm grip, and held it round his body so tightly that the North Wind put forth all the rest of his force in vain.

Then the Sun, driving away the clouds that had gathered, darted his most sultry beams on the traveler's head. The man, growing faint with the heat, flung off his cloak, and ran for protection to the nearest shade.

THE DOG AND THE BIT OF MEAT

A Dog, with a nice bit of meat in his mouth, went on a plank over a smooth brook. By chance he looked into the brook, and saw there what he took to be a dog with a bit of meat. He snapped to get this dog's meat as well as his own; but when he opened his jaws, the bit of meat he had in his mouth fell out and sank in the brook.

THE BOY AND THE WOLF

A Boy, who kept a flock of sheep not far from a little village, used to find fun in calling out from time to time, "Wolf! wolf!" Many times in this way he called the men in the fields from their work to help him. But when the men found out it was a joke, they made up their minds that no matter how much the Boy cried "Wolf!" they would not stir to help him.

At last the Wolf really did come. Then the Boy ran calling, "Wolf!" as loud as he could, but the men would not heed him, for they thought him only in fun. So the Wolf killed all the sheep in the flock.

If boys tell lies, how can you know when they speak the truth?

THE FIELD MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE

A Field Mouse had a friend who lived in a house in town. Now the Town Mouse was asked by the Field Mouse to dine with him; and out he went and sat down to a meal of corn and wheat.

"Do you know, my friend," said he, "that you live a mere ant's life out here? Why, I have all kinds of things at home; come and enjoy them."

So the two set off for town; and there the Town

Mouse showed his beans and meal, his dates, too, his cheese and fruit and honey. And as the Field Mouse ate, drank, and was merry, he thought how rich his friend was, and how poor he was.

But as they ate, a man all at once opened the door, and the Mice were in such fear that they ran into a crack.

Then, when they would eat some nice figs, in came a maid to get a pot of honey, or a bit of cheese; and when they saw her they hid in a hole.

Then the Field Mouse would eat no more, but said to the Town Mouse: "Do as you like, my good friend; eat all you want, and have your fill of good things, but always in fear of your life. As for me, poor Mouse, who have only corn and wheat, I will live on at home and in no fear of any one."

THE CAT, THE APE, AND THE NUTS

A Cat and an Ape sat one day by the fire, in which were some nuts roasting in the coals. The nuts had begun to crack with the heat, and the Ape said to the Cat: "It is clear that your paws were made to pull out those nuts. Put in a paw, and draw them out. Your paws are just like hands."

The Cat much enjoyed this speech, and so put out her paw for the nuts; but she at once drew back with a cry, for she had burnt her paw with the hot

coals. But she tried again, and this time pulled out one nut; then she pulled out two, then three, but each time burnt her paw.

When she could pull out no more, she looked around, and found that the Ape had used the time to crack the nuts and eat them.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

One hot day a Wolf was lapping at a clear brook that ran down the side of a hill. Now, not far down the stream, a stray Lamb was playing in the water.

The Wolf made up his mind to eat the Lamb, but he did not wish to do it without a good excuse. So he ran to the Lamb, calling in a loud voice, "Fool, get out of the brook! How dare you muddle the water that I wish to drink!"

"Oh," said the Lamb, in a mild tone, "I do not see how that can be. You stood above me to drink, and the water runs from you to me, — not from me to you."

"Be that as it may," replied the Wolf, still more fiercely, "it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names."

"Oh, sir," said the Lamb, in a great fright, "a year ago I was not born."

"Well," said the Wolf, "if it was not you, it was

your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use to try to argue me out of my supper." And without one word more, he fell upon the poor, helpless Lamb, and tore her to bits.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

A Crow had snatched a piece of cheese out of a cottage window, and flew up into a high tree with it, that she might eat it at her ease. A Fox having spied her, came and sat underneath, and began to pay the Crow compliments on her beauty. "Why," said he, "I never saw it before, but your feathers are of a more delicate white than any that I ever saw in my life! Ah, what a fine shape and graceful neck is there! And I have no doubt but you have a tolerable voice. If it is but as fine as your complexion, I do not know a bird that can match you."

The Crow, tickled with this very civil language, nestled and wriggled about, and hardly knew where she was. But thinking the Fox a little doubtful as to the quality of her voice, and having a mind to set him right in the matter, she began to sing, and in doing so dropped the cheese, which the Fox seized at once, and then told her to remember that whatever he had said of her beauty, he had said nothing, as yet, of her brains.

JUPITER'S TWO WALLETS

When Jupiter made man, he gave him two wallets,—one for his neighbor's faults, and the other for his own. He threw them over man's shoulders so that one hung in front, and the other, behind. The man kept the one in front for his neighbor's faults, and the one behind for his own, so that, while the first was always before him, it took some pains to see the latter. The custom, which began thus early, is not quite unknown at the present day.

HERCULES AND PALLAS

Once when Hercules was journeying along a narrow roadway, he came across a strange-looking animal that reared its head and threatened him. Hercules, not at all frightened, gave him a few lusty blows with his club, and started to move on. To his surprise and astonishment, the animal was now three times as large as before, and of a still more threatening aspect. He therefore redoubled his blows, and laid about him fast and furiously; but the harder and quicker the strokes of the club, the bigger and more frightful grew the monster, who now completely filled up the road. Pallas then appeared upon the scene. "Stop, Hercules," said she. "Cease your blows. The monster's name

is STRIFE. Let it alone, and it will soon become as little as it was at first."

THE OLD MAN, HIS SON, AND THE ASS

An old man and his little boy were once driving an ass before them to the next market town, where it was to be sold. "Have you no more wit," said a passer-by, than for you and your son to trudge on foot and let the ass go light?" So the man put his boy on the ass, and they went on again. "You lazy young rascal!" said the next person they met; "are you not ashamed to ride and let your poor old father go on foot?" The man lifted the boy off and got up himself. Two women passed soon after, and one said to the other, "Look at that selfish old fellow riding on, while his little son follows after on foot!" The old man thereupon took the boy up behind him. The next traveler they met asked the old man whether or not the ass was his own. Being answered that it was, the man replied that no one would think so, from the way he used it. "You are better able to carry it," said he, "than he is to carry both of you." So the old man tied the ass's legs to a long pole, and he and his son shouldered the pole and staggered along under the weight. In that way they entered the town, and their appearance caused so much laughter that the old man, vexed at the

result of his endeavor to suit everybody, threw the ass into the river, and seized his son by the hand and went to his home again.

THE BOY AND THE FILBERTS

A boy once thrust his hand into a pitcher which was full of figs and filberts. He grasped as many as his fist could possibly hold, but when he tried to draw it out the narrowness of the neck prevented him. Not liking to lose any of them, but unwilling to draw out his hand, he burst into tears, and bitterly bemoaned his hard fortune. An honest fellow who stood by gave him this wise and reasonable advice: "Take only half as many, my boy, and you will easily get them."

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

The Hare, one day, laughing at the Tortoise for his slowness and awkwardness, was challenged by the latter to run a race. The Hare, looking on the whole affair as a great joke, consented, and the Fox was chosen to act as umpire and hold the stakes. The rivals started, and the Hare, of course, soon left the Tortoise far behind. Having come midway to the goal, she began to play about, nibble the young herbage, and amuse herself in many ways. The day being warm, she even thought she would take a

little nap in a shady spot, as, if the Tortoise should pass her while she slept, she could easily overtake him again before he reached the end. The Tortoise, meanwhile, plodded on, unwavering and unresting, straight toward the goal. The Hare, having overslept herself, started up from her nap, and was surprised to find that the Tortoise was nowhere in sight. Off she went at full speed, but on reaching the winning post found that the Tortoise was already there, waiting for her arrival.

THE FROGS ASKING FOR A KING

Long ago, when the Frogs were all at liberty in the lakes, and had grown quite weary of following every one his own devices, they assembled one day together, and with great clamor petitioned Jupiter to let them have a king, to keep them in better order and make them lead honester lives. Jupiter, knowing their foolishness, smiled at their request, and threw down a log into the lake, which, by the huge splash and commotion it made, sent the whole nation of Frogs into the greatest terror and amazement. They rushed under the water and into the mud, and dared not come into a leap's length of the spot where it lay. At length one Frog bolder than the rest
ed to pop his head above water, and take a
their new king from a respectful distance.

Presently, when they saw the log lie stock still, others began to swim up to it and around it, till by degrees growing bolder and bolder they at last leapt upon it, and treated it with the greatest contempt. Full of disgust for so tame a ruler, they carried a petition a second time to Jupiter, and asked for a more active king. He then sent them a stork, who had no sooner come among them than he began to eat them as fast as he could, and it was in vain that they tried to escape him. Then they sent Mercury to Jupiter to beg for mercy for them, but Jupiter replied that they were only suffering the result of their own folly, and that another time they would know enough to let well alone.

THE TONGUES

Xanthus invited a large company to dinner, and Æsop was ordered to furnish the choicest dainties that money could procure. The first course consisted of tongues, cooked in different ways and served with appropriate sauces. This gave rise to much mirth and many witty remarks by the guests. The second course was also nothing but tongues, and so with the third and fourth. This seemed to go beyond a joke, and Xanthus demanded in an angry manner of Æsop, "Did I not tell you to provide the choicest dainties that money could procure?" "And

what excels the tongue?" replied Æsop. "It is the channel of learning and philosophy. By it addresses and eulogies are made, and commerce carried on, contracts executed, and marriages consummated. Nothing is equal to the tongue." The company applauded Æsop's wit, and good feeling was restored.

"Well," said Xanthus to the guests, "pray do me the favor of dining with me again to-morrow. I have a mind to change the feast; to-morrow," said he, turning to Æsop, "provide us with the worst meat you can find." The next day the guests assembled as before, and to their astonishment and the anger of Xanthus nothing but tongues was provided. "How, sir," said Xanthus, "should tongues be the best of meat one day and the worst another?" "What," replied Æsop, "can be worse than the tongue? What wickedness is there under the sun that it has not a part in? Treasons, violence, injustice, fraud, are debated and resolved upon, and communicated by the tongue. It is the ruin of empires, cities, and of private friendships." The company were more than ever struck by Æsop's ingenuity, and they interceded for him with his master.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS

An old man had several sons, who were constantly quarreling. He tried to cure them, but was not

able to do so. One day he called them all to him, and handed them a bundle of sticks tied tightly together. He asked the sons to break the bundle. Each one tried it, but none of them was able to do so. He then untied the bundle, and gave each a stick, and asked them to break it. This they did easily.

Their father said: "You saw how it was with the sticks. It will be so with you. If you keep together, no one can harm you; but if you quarrel and do not help each other, you will be easily overcome."

PROVERBS AND POPULAR SAYINGS

Waste not, want not.
As blind as a bat.
Out of the frying pan into the fire.
Penny wise and pound foolish.
No man can serve two masters.
Many hands make light work.
No smoke without some fire.
Not worth a pin.
As true as steel.
It never rains but it pours.
Look before you leap.
It is never too late to mend.

As dark as pitch.
Let them laugh that win.
It is a long road that has no turn.
It is easier to pull down than to build up.
As sweet as honey.
Half a loaf is better than no bread.
You have put the cart before the horse.
Time and tide wait for no man.
The more haste, the less speed.
Better late than never.
Birds of a feather will flock together.
Constant dropping wears the stone.
Debt is the worst poverty.
A barking dog seldom bites.
A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it.
A little leak will sink a great ship.
A tree is known by its fruit.
All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.
All his fingers are thumbs.
All is not gold that glitters.
A stitch in time saves nine.
A man's house is his castle.
A rolling stone will gather no moss.